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SONG OF THE LEDGER'S STEAM PRESSES.

BY CARLOS S. HOYETTE.

As you gaze upon the river
Rocking by many a clime,
Like the quick-wreathing waste
Of some hurrie's poet's rhyme;
As you gaze upon the heaven
Full of cloud-error dropping rain,
Like a glorious benediction
On the farmer's planted plain—
So gaze on us ever-rolling,
Ever rolling, night and day,
With the Mind's magnetic power,
Through the Land and Ocean away—
Hurling o'er your green Republic
Half a million sheets that bear
Sweet Romance's shapes of wonder
To the nation waiting there;
People's own crowned cadence
Through the heart entrancing rolled;
Whatever's best and useful too;
And Morality's pure gold—
Breathfree, breathing,
Like the river and the cloud,
Belting through a goldenest country—
From the city to blessing forest!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by HENRY PETERSON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN PRINCESS," "THE DISCARDED WIFE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TEMPTER.

Him enemy, when he chose his post,
Chose time and place, and occupancy
To suit it; when he struck, at length,
Him friend, 'twas with all his strength.
SOUTHEY.

Soon Ernest Heine left his new-made bride, and went over to see the magistrate and suggestive ball.

Honora and Godfrey also took a friendly leave of Agnes, and returned to their cell.

It was while the poor young creature yet remained alone, and bewildered with the strangeness of her position, that the cell was opened, and a visitor was ushered in by his warden, who immediately closed the door, and retired, leaving them together.

Agnes, who had been sitting upon the side of her cot, with her head drooped upon her hand, looked up, and, in terror and abhorrence, recognized her mortal enemy. She would have started up and called the retreating warden, but fear for limbs and voice failed as she gazed upon the fatal countenance of her prosecutor.

While her eyes were still magnetized, as it were, to his face, he drew the slight chair before her, threw himself into it, and sitting as one, with his hands resting upon his knees, stooped forward, looked steadily in her face, and said:

"Well, Agnes, have I made my words good? Are you in my power?"

"Remorseless sinner!" breathed the girl, in a faltering voice.

"No hard names, Agnes, if you please, for they may be returned with interest, you know. What if I were to repay you back for the hard ones, such as these," and he whispered,—"*Slut, felon, convict!* "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," is it said. But, fair one, I did not come hither to quarrel, but to compromise with you, if possible."

Agnes, white, cold, and trembling, started up in spring to her cell door to call assistance; but her treacherous quickly arose and stood in her way, the big upon her arm, and, with a mocked in pantolyn her limbs, he also sank back into her seat.

"All?" said the visitor, as he noted her effect—"Agnes, I came here to save you, if you will consent to be saved."

"To save me—Destroyer!" fell from the faltering lips of the victim.

"Yes! to save you—if, as I said, you will be saved."

Shuddering she averted her head, and dropped her face into her hands.

"Agnes," he continued, resuming himself, advancing his lips close to her ear, and sinking his voice to a whisper—"Agnes, it will not be any hurt it will be made to free you from this charge upon which you are committed. Listen to me—consent to be mine, and I will say that, to-day, I have discovered the jewels were placed in your trunk through the mistake of a confederate servant, who assisted you in packing, and so withdraw the prosecution. Say, Agnes, will you consent to these terms?"

"Serpent!—no!" replied the girl, shrinking from his contact.

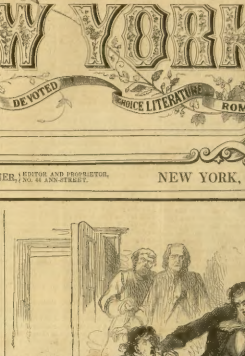
"No? Well, hear me, before you make that final; let me inform you that your hardness before you reach it irrevocable. That 'no' involves the continuation of the prosecution; your case will go to trial; the positive evidence of the jewelry found in your possession will convict you; the value of the jewelry is six thousand dollars; it will send you to the State's prison for ten years of close confinement and hard labor! Do you hear that? Speak! do you hear that?"

Agnes shivered, but disdained to reply.

"Can you, a delicate girl, bear prison discipline? —a narrow cell, a straw mattress, coarse food, hard labor, harsh usage, and the companionship only of fights and jailers, and all this for ten long years?"

Still she continued to shudder and be silent.

"And, above all, can you bear the irremediable DISGRACE? Look up, girl! Speak! for I will have a reply!"



DR. HENRY DRAGOLD TO THE DEATH-BED OF HIS VICTIM.

Suddenly Agnes dropped her hands from before her pale and agonized face, and answered—

"No; I could not for a week endure the life you have subjected to my least of all could I bear the degradation."

"I know you would not, Agnes! and I only held it up before you *in terrorem*, to the palsigrave ay. I only raised the storm to drive you into my sheltering arms. Judge how great must be my passion for you, Agnes, to carry me to such lengths for its gratification. Listen—to mine," he said, attempting to draw her into his embrace; but she shrank shuddering away from him, exclaiming—

"Fool and blind! I said I could not for a week endure the life of indignities you held up before my mind!—think you I could bear for an hour the life of sin you offer me as my ransom? I added that least of all I could bear degradation—think you I would bother bear to shame it? Fool and blind! *I can die!*—that is what I mean!"

Rash and perverse girl! to throw from your side, and, drop by drop, to its uttermost dregs, shall you drink the cup of misery and disgrace prepared for you? You shall live and groan through hours, days, weeks, months, years of the life I have pictured for an intolerable term of solitude which he left in your reach."

"Nor would I use them if they were. I feel in my breast symptoms of dying—*I should die!*"

"There is no necessity for that, Agnes. I offer you a blissful alternative. Why should you prefer a prison to freedom, loathsome living to luxury, hard labor to tender caresses, disgrace to respect, death to life?"

"Oh! I am not culpable to bear you so long. Away, sir! for even were you as honorable as you are base, I am a wife, and must not listen to you."

"A wife!" exclaimed the baffled suitor, in incredulous amazement.

"Yes, sir. One who has more strength of faith than I have, has this morning thrown his legal protection around me," said Agnes, in a firmer voice, gathering strength from the very thought of that sympathetic friend who had so nobly drawn her self wretched as she was, to the shelter of his bosom.

"A wife! ha, ha, ha! Well, your legal protector cannot shield you from the law, minion! None can save you from that, or from the State's prison that must follow, but myself! Remember!"

"*I save me, sir!* as I shall rise and call assistance!" exclaimed Agnes, who had now recovered from the first shocks of her terror; and, stilling the notice to the ward, she fled past her persecutor to the door, and called—

"Mrs. Dulanie! Mrs. Dulanie!"

Honora heard the cry, and flew to her aid; but just as she reached Agnes's cell, Doctor Heyne came out, looking still and resumed, as in a successful voice he said—

"Well, young woman, since you utterly refuse to account for the presence of the jewels in your trunk, I see no other way than to permit the law to take its course.—Good morning, Mrs. Dulanie," he added, bowing to that lady as he came out.

Honora returned his salutation with a cold nod, and entered the cell.

"Well, my poor Agnes, what did you want?"

"Oh, the snake! the snake!" cried the girl, in loathing.

"What snake, good Agnes?"

"The snake that has just glided from my cell."

"Dr. Heavy?"

"Yes, madam. He came here to renew his sinful proposals! He offered to save me on dishonorable terms!"

"Agnes, you astound me!" exclaimed the lady, shaking into a chair, and *gazing* in amazement upon the prisoner.

"Mrs. Dulanie, I do not know how it is that I bear to tell you!"

"Agnes, if you can but *prove* that he has made you these proposals you are saved!"

"Oh, Heaven, yes! so I should be. Well you can prove it, can you not? You know I called you, and you found him in my cell—did you not?" said Agnes, eagerly.

"Yes, dear girl, I did; but under circumstances that would have left no impression that he had made you dishonorable proposals—quite the contrary. And whatever your statement may lead me to believe, the only *fact* to which I could testify would not help you."

"That would not my own oath be taken in evidence of his perfidy?"

"No! not by no more than it would be taken in evidence of your innocence."

"Oh, I see! Oh, the serpent! the serpent!"

They were interrupted by the entrance of Ernest Heine and a bailiff, who came to take the prisoner before a magistrate, to enter into a recognizance for her appearance before the criminal court.

Both Mrs. Dulanie and Agnes refrained for the present from mentioning the visit of Doctor Heavy.

And when the business at the magistrate's office was concluded, Ernest Heine and his poor young wife removed to their temporary lodging—which was the same room at the warden's house that had been occupied by Honora.

Agnes had never found courage to inform her lover of the original cause of Doctor Heavy's persecution of herself; but now that her lover had become her husband, she felt that he was entitled to her unreserved confidence.

But how should she ever be able to tell him the tale?

It is true that at the magistrate's office, under the high pressure of terror, and to explain her position, she had told of the sinful conduct of the doctor, and how he—a woman—she had not related the story.

But how, for very modesty, should she ever manage to make the degrading disclosure to Ernest Heine? And how, for very terror, could she bear to utter his inevitable indignation, and see him go off to seek some fatal encounter with her persecutor?

Agnes was weak, timid, shrinking; she had nothing whatever of the trenchant bravery of Honora Dulanie's spirit. Therefore she relied on Honora, and resolved to consult her, and to be guided entirely by her.

That afternoon Mrs. Dulanie came in to see her, and Agnes explained her embarrassment.

"It is not only from very shame that I shrink from telling him, but also from fear for him. How must I think to answer the questions he will certainly ask me? and how tremble to know that he will resent my shameful story? Oh! I do not tell him! Oh! if I do not tell him, my reserve will be a sort of weighing of treason," and if I do, my concealment will scarcely bury him into more trouble! Advise me, what shall I do?" she added in conclusion of her explanation.

"Tell your husband all—every jot and tittle; through him your story would burn with womanly shame in repeating the insults to which you have been subjected, and though they may grow pale with fear of the consequence the recital may excite, yet will his whole," replied Honora, firmly. "It is for you to feel the fullest faith in him who has so richly merited your trust, and it is for him to feel the fullest faith in his knowledge of the premises. Besides, my poor girl, you should have considered this in the knowledge of your guilt; wrongs is absolutely necessary to your advocate in preparing your defense."

"Ah, you—if I could gain credence! You, dear lady, believe me; so does Mr. Dulanie, and so does Ernest; but will any one else credit the unsupported statement of an obscure and friendless girl against the well-established reputation of Doctor Heavy, and the circumstantial evidence he can produce? Would not to tell that story be to risk my dear Ernest's safety, without the smallest chance of securing my own? For oh! lady, there is no chance for me—none, none. I shall perish—irremediably perish; but I would not draw him down into destruction with me! Too greatly have I already wronged him in consenting to be his wife! I must do him no further harm; for what if it were to sure my body from the bowstring, I would not have him scathe one hair of his head! Do you not know this?" she asked, wringing her hands.

"Yes—I know it!" Nevertheless, poor Agnes, it is more that you should make this disclosure; and you should do right irrespective of consequences, leaving them to God—that is faith," said Honora, dolefully.

Mrs. Dulanie's decision of character governed poor Agnes; and that night, when Ernest Heine came home from his round of patients and entered her chamber, and their conversation turned upon the subject of her approaching trial, she told him all.

He heard her through almost without a comment; but with corrugated brows, gleaming eyes, and compressed lips—all more terrible in their stillness of suppressed excitement than the greatest outbreak of fury could have been!

And at the close of her recital he stooped cold kissed her forehead and her hand; then arose, took up his hat, and turned to leave the room.

Agnes sprang after him and seized his hand, exclaiming—

"Ernest! oh, dear Ernest!—where are you going?"

"Nowhere, dear wife, but whither you may safely peep God speed me."

"Ah!—but what are you about to do, Ernest?"

"Nothing, my much injured love, but what I may well ask God's blessing upon," he answered, pausing long enough to draw her upon his bosom in a parting embrace. Then releasing her, he ran down stairs, and out of the street door.

And Agnes re-entered her lonely chamber to walk the floor, weep, and wait for his return.

Ernest Heine threw himself upon horseback, and galloped rapidly across the plains, through the forest, and over the mountain ridge that lay between the village and Farquier's Folly, at which he arrived by nine o'clock.

Drawing rein at the front portico, he sprang from his saddle, ran up the steps, and, rang a peal that soon brought a servant in haste to open the door.

"Is your master in?"

"Ah, sir! he has just gone out."

"Whither?"

"He is on a petticoat, sir!"

"What patient?"

"Deed I dunno, sir; one as sent for him in haste."

"Very well, I will wait for him," said the visitor, with grim resolution, striding into the hall, and throwing himself into a seat.

The servant looked perplexed; but being overawed by something in the aspect of the speaker, he bowed, retired, and left him to himself.

The servant looked perplexed; but being overawed by something in the aspect of the speaker, he bowed, retired, and left him to himself.

It was some time after midnight that, reluctantly giving up the hope of seeing the master of the house that night, the visitor, unwilling to torture his own wife by a longer absence from his home, arose from the hall, re-mounted his horse, and rode rapidly towards the village.

It was one morning when he reached his lodgings, where he found Agnes up, and anxiously watching for him.

By her eager inquiries, she gained from him the fact that no encounter had as yet taken place between himself and Doctor Heavy; and for the postponement of the dreaded event the poor girl breathed a fervent—

"Thank God!"

The next day Ernest Heine again rode over to Farquier, but with no better success. The delinquent was not to be seen. And for many days thereafter he diligently sought the doctor, who quite as diligently kept out of his way.

At last, one Thursday afternoon, when he had nearly tracked his enemy home to Farquier's Folly, he rode up to the door, threw himself from his horse, ran up the steps, and knocked with so imperious a hand that he quickly brought a servant in answer to his summons.

"Your master is at home now, for I saw him enter the house! Take my card to him immediately, and tell him that I am waiting impatiently to see him!" said the visitor, in a peremptory tone, therefore the perplexed face he had of the negro.

"Yes, sir, but—" said the servant, hesitating.

"But what, you stupid fellow? What misfortune now?" exclaimed the young gentleman, chafing with anger and impatience.

"Why, 'base you is not 'ware, sir, as my mis'ess is dying, and my master was summon' in haste to come to her."

"Dying! Your mistress, Dr. Heavy's wife, dying?"

"As I 'pon had the honor to 'form you, sir!"

"I believe you are deceiving me!" thought Ernest Heine, facing a penetrating gaze upon the negro.

"Since when has Mrs. Henry been worse?"

"Ever since she hearn how Mr. Hugo Darbo was tak up for steal——"

"Sirrah, villain!" thundered the young man, in a tone that made the negro turn almost white with terror. Then blaming himself for having spoken so furiously to a poor slave, who only parrot-like repeated what he had heard, he inquired with a calmer manner:

"How long has Mrs. Henry been supposed to be dying?"

"Ever since she hearn—what I telled yer honor," replied the negro, cautiously, and with chattering teeth.

His report was soon confirmed by the black servants who came to see what was the row in the hall, in going down stairs upon an errand. And then it was evident, even to the natural incredulity of the frequently deceived and baffled inquirer, that the sickness of the mistress was genuine in the last symptoms, and that she it followed that as he could not properly call a man from the bedside of a dying wife, justice must wait for the present its clearance.

At sunset that evening, Alma Henry expired. And poor Agnes, hearing of the event, found tears in spare from her own personal sorrows, to give to the memory of her earliest friend.

On Sunday, the funeral of Mrs. Henry was solemnized with great pomp.

And on Monday, the spring term of the criminal court commenced, and the case of Agnes Heine first upon the docket, was expected to come on.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE TRIAL OF AGNES DARKE.

Justice ought to be kept as far away from the bench of the court as possible.
SHAKESPEARE.

Always the first upon the court-room, and a crowd of people at the county seat, and this occasion was for from being an exception to the rule. The town was full.

True, the trial of a poor girl for larceny is naturally no much more than as to make a public occasion; but then there were circumstances connected with that of Agnes Darke which constituted one of peculiar interest.

She was beautiful, graceful, and accomplished; and though the child of humble parents, she was accustomed to mingle on something approaching to equal terms with the best society of the county.

She had been the principal witness in the late grand jury room, upon which occasion the delicacy of face, form and manner, no less than her graceful reluctance to testify against the prisoner, had attracted general attention.

Now, her sexual upon the (the lily) amazing suffering, and, her former relationship to the, immediately implicating the character of her prosecutor, the incomprehensible circumstances of Mrs. Dulanie, upon whom her testimony in the murder trial will be chiefly relied, and the mystery, above all, her strange marriage with Ernest Heine, on the morning after her arrest—all combined to excite a deep and universal feeling of curiosity.

The court, confounding as it was, "lay in a multitude!"

Agnes Darke had hitherto been a girl not only of unblemished character, but of high reputation for piety.

Ernest Heine, who had given her the testimonial of his own name and hand, was a gentleman of high standing.

But then Doctor Heavy, the prosecutor, was also a man of superior reputation.

From the data in their possession the little world of W. made up various opinions. The great majority were childlike, and benevolently hoped that there might be some mistake which the trial should clear up; and they heartily wished her and her generous protector well over their troubles.

No one, perhaps, except the Dulanies and Ernest Heine, doubted the honesty of Dr. Heavy, or thoroughly believed in the innocence of Agnes.

All, with the deepest interest and curiosity.

But poor Agnes!

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The morning of that fatal day found her pale, trembling and shrinking from the impending crisis even as the most guilty might shrink from conviction. Her failing frame could scarcely support her while standing before the little mirror, arranging her morning dress; her quivering fingers could scarcely clasp the hooks of her black bodice; at length, indeed, she sank helplessly into a chair; and then her husband, with affectionate care, completed the toilet—tying on the small, black velvet bonnet, wrapping her in the little black mantle, and drawing on for her the gloves.

"Now, my own dear love, trust in Heaven and be true, will you not?" asked Ernest, as he stooped and kissed her.

"As the Lord shall give me grace!" she replied, clasping her hands.

The carriage was waiting at the door to convey her to the courthouse.

Mrs. Wardour, her landlady, came up bringing a cup of strong coffee, which she kindly forced upon her young guest. While drinking the pleasant beverage, Mrs. Wardour, the good woman herself, half weeping, to Ernest Heine, and said—

"After this year I shall try to persuade Wardour to give up his office; for I think neither such a court term as the last, along with seeing so much distress, would certainly break my heart!" and she took the empty cup from Ernest and left the room.

Ernest Heine then conducted his poor wife down stairs placed her in the carriage, and directed the coachman to drive to the courthouse.

In ten minutes they had reached the place.

Ernest handed Agnes out, drew the veil closely around her face, and hurried her through the gaping crowd to the court-room, which was full of spectators, and where the judge, surrounded by lawyers and law officers, already occupied the bench.

Agnes, closely veiled, and almost fainting, was led to a seat beside her counsel, and in front of the bench.

Some time was spent in empanelling the jury and in other preliminaries, after which Agnes was placed at the bar.

She stood up, holding by the railing in front for support, and drew aside her veil, revealing such a sweet, child-like, innocent face, that every beholder was moved to pity and wonder, that such a gentle, pure, and lovely-looking creature should be standing there to answer such a charge.

Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the indictment; are you guilty or not guilty of the felony therein charged upon you?" asked the judge.

"Not guilty! *Indeed, indeed I am not, sir!*" replied the prisoner, in a voice of touching pathos, a small hands, and raising her tearful eyes to Heaven, as if silently invoking that Heaven to bear witness to the truth, and then sinking exhausted into her chair.

The trial began.

The public prosecutor opened the case, stating the theory of the theft in a few cold words, for, truth to tell, he did not relish the task of arguing, with his eye turned more in compassion than in denunciation upon the young prisoner before him, at whom he regarded only as a very bad child, a fitter subject for a parent's chastening rod, than for a criminal court's judgment. Having next stated his case, he proceeded to call his witnesses.

"Let Dr. Henry take the stand."

Every spectator turned towards that part of the court-room whence this gentleman was seen to arise and advance towards the bench; and as he took his place to give in his testimony, every eye was riveted upon him in profound curiosity, and *collusion*.

Could this be the handsome, graceful and fascinating Dr. Henry? His tall and elegant figure was bowed and tremulous; his fine face pallid and haggard as eye was wild, as walk pain, grief, or fear.

Being duly sworn, he commenced, and in a distracted and wandering manner gave the same testimony that he had offered at the preliminary examination—to the effect that he had often detected the prisoner at the bar in petty theft; that he had missed a valuable embossed pocket-book; that, paying her certain confidence, he had retained her in his family as nurse to his motherless child; that on finding her perfectly incorrigible, he had at length felt obliged to dismiss her; that soon after she was so dismissed from his house he had discovered the loss of the jewels that were the same night found in her possession.

Dr. Henry, as I said, gave in his testimony in a hesitating, faltering, and distracted manner, that excited the surprise, curiosity, and speculation of all who saw and heard him.

"How unwilling he is to testify against the girl," said some. "How loath he feels; it is easy to see that he is a kind-hearted man," said others.

Ernest Heine, who stood at the back of his wife's chair, observed and whispered to her—

"Look at that man, Agnes! If ever I saw examination written legibly upon any human being's face, it is impressed upon his!"

Agnes took a glance at her prosecutor, shuddered and withdrew her eyes. The poor girl was amazed and frightened at everything she saw and heard—the crowded court-room, the judge on the bench, the gazers on their box, the array of lawyers, the formality of the proceedings, and now the cold pressed her to faintness—but this cell spirit, this haggard picture in the witness box, made her sick unto death with terror, and she turned away from it.

Dr. Henry, having finished his testimony, would have willingly withdrawn from the counsel for the prisoner arose, and took him in hand for a cross-examination. But during the whole course of it, unmoved and confused, yet he was very careful not to contradict himself, and so, successfully he passed the severe ordeal. Then, pleading dizziness, exhaustion, and sorrow from recent domestic affliction in the loss of his wife, he begged permission to withdraw, and was allowed to retire.

The two policemen who arrested Agnes Darke were next in order called. Each being duly sworn, testified to the finding of the casket of pearls in the possession of the prisoner.

The jewelry was then produced in court, and identified—first by the proprietor, as the same found in the trunk of Agnes Darke, and afterwards by Dr. Henry, who was recalled, as the property of his late wife.

The State's Attorney then briefly and coldly summed up the evidence, and the prosecution rested.

Mr. Wright, the counsel for the prisoner, arose for the defence. He gave, with more feeling and eloquence than would have been looked for from the exposition of her case. He dwelt upon the prisoner's youth, beauty and grace; of her helpless orphanage and dependent position in the household of Dr. Henry; of her employer's blind love and cruel pursuit of this fatherless, motherless, and friendless girl; of his alarming threats and machinations for her ruin; of the partial measures adopted, with which these threats and machinations had been followed up. But did any one believe, he asked, that they could be successfully carried out? Could any one look upon the sweet, young face of his client, and doubt her spotless innocence? Or could they gaze upon the countenance of her prosecutor as he stood in the witness box, and give an instant's credence to his statements? The front of the one was the front of a demon—that of the other the face of an angel—yes, of an angel in woman's form, such as from the white history of the Christian martyrs we often fill, he would prove her to be, by a host of witnesses, whom he should call for the purpose; but first or all, he said, he would indicate one, his friend Ernest Heine, whom they all knew to be a gentleman of the highest worth, but who could not legally testify in behalf of the prisoner, because of the interest he was given her the strongest testimony it was possible to give of his confidence and esteem—he had given her his hand in marriage. The one fact adduced against his client was the finding of the missing jewelry in her trunk. Was that one deceptive fact to be taken against the testimony of her whole good life, and that of the citizens of all who knew her well? How easily might that casket have been conveyed into her trunk for her destruction! How much more rational to suppose that it was from thence treacherously put into her unconscious possession than that she who had lived from infancy a pure and spotless life, should become become a thief and a felon! The gentlemen of the jury must not, could not, condemn without a sign a young, lovely, and innocent woman to the ignominy of a prison! Unless the State's Attorney could produce some stronger evidence he should demand for his client a prompt acquittal.

His then called in succession several highly respectable witnesses, who each, in turn, bore testimony to the excellent character universally borne by Agnes Darke. And having thus made the best possible defence out of the poorest material, the counsel for the prisoner sat down.

The State's Attorney waived his privilege, or else dodged the difficulty of a reply, and left it to the argument.

The judge arose to sum up the evidence and charge the jury. He reviewed the case in a clear, cold, candid manner, dwelling upon the testimony of Dr. Henry, and the finding of the casket of pearls in the possession of the prisoner, as evidence of the most positive character. He charged the jury to bring them, if any doubt rested upon their minds in the case of the prisoner, to let her have the benefit of that doubt.

The judge sat down and the jury retired under charge of the sheriff, to consider upon their verdict.

When the green baize door had closed noiselessly after them, the stillness of suspended animation fell upon the court-room.

Like a statue sat the miserable judge upon his bench.

Like automata the lawyers bent their heads together and conversed, if they conversed at all; in almost inaudible whispers.

Pale and almost dying in the agony of this moment, Agnes leaned back in her seat. Once she spoke in a hoarse whisper to Ernest Heine, eagerly down to hear what she wished to say.

"Oh! and is it over?" she said, in an inquiring voice.

"No, dearest, we hope not; we trust that they will soon return with your acquittal; for even they must have a doubt; and the judge has instructed them to give you the benefit of that doubt. Be of good courage, dearest Agnes," said her husband, seeing himself how her whole frame trembled and shook within his arm, so that her head lay upon his shoulder.

Another hour crept slowly by, and still another. One by one the spectators withdrew from the court to procure refreshment or other ordinary necessities—to the effect that he had often detected the prisoner at the bar in petty theft; that he had missed articles of embossed pocket-book; that, paying her certain confidence, he had retained her in his family as nurse to his motherless child; that on finding her perfectly incorrigible, he had at length felt obliged to dismiss her; that soon after she was so dismissed from his house he had discovered the loss of the jewels that were the same night found in her possession.

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"Pray to God! be patient! be firm, sweet Agnes!" whispered her husband.

Another hour crept by—passed, and then a buzz went through the court of, "They are coming!" and the doors and windows opened and the jury came in.

Ernest Heine felt spasms after spasms convulse the form of his wife, as she rested on his bosom. He looked up quickly to see if he could read her fate in the faces of those who held it in their hands. And his own heart seemed to die in his bosom as he saw that the men advance, two by two, and place faces bent upon their breasts. The prevision of his heart was true. The verdict was—

"Guilty!"

As this dreadful word fell from the foreman's lips, Ernest Heine felt the ground that shook his wife's form suddenly cease.

Let the prisoner stand up to receive the sentence of the law," ordered the court.

She has fainted, I fear, your honor," replied the State's Attorney.

But to his surprise he felt Agnes move and flutter in his breast, and to rest there as she arose and, pale, indeed as death, stood up.

And amid the profound silence that ensued the judge pronounced her doom. For her alleged offence the law prescribed imprisonment for a term of not less than two or more than twenty years. The judge, in well-sent mercy, gave her the minimum. She was sentenced to two years' confinement at hard labor in the State's prison—the sentence to take effect upon the following Friday, the day after that of his wife's death Agnes sank back in her seat.

Agnes! Oh, my wife!" burst in anguish from the lips of her husband as he beat over her.

"No, no, dear love, not yet! Stand for me, dear Ernest, no—I can bear this certainty of the worst better than that suspense which elevated all the while between the two. Plead for mercy, child that you have been all that humanity could be, the most positive proof of which is your not suffering them, if any doubt rested upon their minds in the case of the prisoner, to let her have the benefit of that doubt.

The judge sat down and the jury retired under charge of the sheriff, to consider upon their verdict.

When the green baize door had closed noiselessly after them, the stillness of suspended animation fell upon the court-room.

Like a statue sat the miserable judge upon his bench.

Like automata the lawyers bent their heads together and conversed, if they conversed at all; in almost inaudible whispers.

Pale and almost dying in the agony of this moment, Agnes leaned back in her seat. Once she spoke in a hoarse whisper to Ernest Heine eagerly down to hear what she wished to say.

"Oh! and is it over?" she said, in an inquiring voice.

"No, dearest, we hope not; we trust that they will soon return with your acquittal; for even they must have a doubt; and the judge has instructed them to give you the benefit of that doubt. Be of good courage, dearest Agnes," said her husband, seeing himself how her whole frame trembled and shook within his arm, so that her head lay upon his shoulder.

Time crept slowly—*slowly*—past. An hour went by; another followed; and yet the jury came not.

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"No, no, dear love, it cannot be, you know!" replied her husband, straining her closer to his heart, and cause her head, which still lay exhausted upon his shoulder.

Another hour crept slowly by, and still another. One by one the spectators withdrew from the court to procure refreshment or other ordinary necessities—to the effect that he had often detected the prisoner at the bar in petty theft; that he had missed articles of embossed pocket-book; that, paying her certain confidence, he had retained her in his family as nurse to his motherless child; that on finding her perfectly incorrigible, he had at length felt obliged to dismiss her; that soon after she was so dismissed from his house he had discovered the loss of the jewels that were the same night found in her possession.

Dr. Henry, as I said, gave in his testimony in a hesitating, faltering, and distracted manner, that excited the surprise, curiosity, and speculation of all who saw and heard him.

"How unwilling he is to testify against the girl," said some. "How loath he feels; it is easy to see that he is a kind-hearted man," said others.

Ernest Heine, who stood at the back of his wife's chair, observed and whispered to her—

"Look at that man, Agnes! If ever I saw examination written legibly upon any human being's face, it is impressed upon his!"

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

feeling reasonably certain that, for the present, the sorrows of that poor young heart were soothed in slumber, she softly sank down upon her knees beside the bed, and earnestly prayed for the divine assistance of the innocent captive.

Then Horace arose and giving another look to Agnes, and feeling further convinced of the depth of her repose, she gently sapped upon the door and beckoned Tom Turner, on guard in the lobby to come and let her out. The good-natured turnkey hastened to set the lady at liberty, and then he had left his cell, he re-locked the door; for since her conviction, poor Agnes had been a close prisoner.

Horace, crossed to his own apartment and refitted to bed; but despite his utter weariness of her many nights' watching she could not sleep. The thought of that poor, innocent, persecuted girl and her hideous fate kept her awake until very near the morning, when, from sheer prostration, she fell into a disturbed slumber.

It was yet early when she awoke; her first returning thought was of Agnes. She started up, threw on her dressing-gown, hurried across the lobby, and looked through the grating of Agnes's cell, and, as she gazed, a pleasing cry broke from her lips. For there by the hapless girl's prison upon her back, her head fallen upon one arm across the pillow; her face dark and pallid; her lips blue and rigid; her eyes glassy and frozen in their sockets; her hands, that had slipped away from her face, tightly contracted, as if she had died in struggles. One moment after the cry of horror had escaped her lips, Horace stood and gazed, and then rushing from the cell door, she called—

"Mr. Turner! Mr. Turner! for the love of Christ, come here! She is dead! dead in her prison cell!"

Quick as lightning Tom Turner came running from the other extremity of the lobby and in an instant unlocked the door.

Horace burst in and lifted the head of the lifeless girl from the pillow followed and stood beside her, wringing his hands and crying—

"Poor, poor thing! poor thing!"

"Mr. Turner, run; run and bring Dr. Heine! Life may not yet be extinct!"

The good-natured officer hastened away to do his errand; but, as he reached the head of the stairs, he saw Dr. Heine, who had just gained admittance coming up. Wanting the most prompt course to tell him what had happened, he turned quickly round, ad him to come faster, and led the way to the cell. Without suspicion of the event, Doctor Heine hastened up the lobby and entered the cell, where he found Agnes lying as we have described her, and Horace standing beside the bed, desperately trying to rub warmth into the lifeless hands.

He saw the truth at the first glance, looked for an instant as if turned to stone by the sight; then rushing to the bedside he raised the body in his arms; gazed into the face; laid it down again, rubbed and chafed the hands; groaned, invoked aid by every fond epithet to revive, to return to life; called upon God and angels to give her back to his love; then finally he rushed from the cell, and after an absence of a very few minutes, returned with powerful stimulants, some of which he poured into the lifeless lips, and with some of which he chafed the frozen temples and cold hands.

Useless his efforts! He seemed to know they were so, even while he continued them.

He paused at last then all sadly, took a spring haircut from a little pocket-case, stripped up the sleeves of her left arm and opened a vein; but not one drop of the congealed vital fluid flowed out to give him hope of returning life.

Useless all! he felt it now; and closed his haircut, drew down her sleeve, composed her arm to rest back upon the cot, and stood gazing upon it—the image of utter despair!

"Dear friend, be comforted! Oh, be sure it is better as it is," prayed Horace through her streaming tears.

"Dead! dead, and alone! in her prison cell," said Ernest Heine, speaking in broken words of horror. "Lifeless form.

"Oh! the comfort! It is said that her sorrows are all over; that she is safe forever in the bosom of her Lord.

"Dead and alone! in her prison cell," reiterated Ernest Heine, mechanically gazing upon the beautiful wreck before him.

"The angel of God came down and delivered her from prison; and all is well with her," said Horace, still seeking to ameliorate the dreadful despair of the moment.

Both stood as if frozen to the spot, gazing upon the rigid form.

As yet the news of her death had not spread, even through the prison.

Tom Turner stood at the cell door, with his thin, sharp face still more contracted through sorrow and sympathy, when the step of the sheriff was heard along the lobby.

He came, followed by the warden. Evidently neither of them were aware of any of what had occurred; for as they approached the cell the sheriff said to the warden:

"Go in, if you please, and let the prisoner know that she should be ready in fifteen minutes to take the coach. But the step stopped at the door, Horace met them, and said—

"Mr. Sheriff, your prisoner has escaped you."

"Escaped!" re-echoed the sheriff, in consternation.

"Ay! she is at liberty."

"At liberty!"

"Even so! her case has been reviewed by a higher tribunal; her sentence has been reversed by a higher Judge, from whose decision there is no appeal."

"Madam! what means you?" asked the sheriff, in vague foreboding.

"Come and see," said Horace.

They entered the cell.

"Dead!" exclaimed the sheriff, in horror, as his eye fell upon the figure on the cot.

"Ay," replied Horace, solemnly, "not dead, but immortal."

In deep awe the sheriff drew nearer and gazed upon the lovely, lifeless form. Then he extended on the cot, as still, as cold and white as some beautiful marble effigy; and then silently withdrew from the cell.

It was then that Tom Turner, looking from the window, saw Dr. Heury, and stepped out to him.

At the sound of that name, Ernest Heine suddenly raised his head like a staunch hunter that scents the game, and starting up, with the kneeling posture beside the cot, he rushed to the window and looked out, and then joined the others in the cell. And in less time than it will take to write the words he was heard hastening up the stairs, and dragging something along the lobby. And the next instant he appeared at the door—his complexion livid, his eyes blazing, his arm armed by force many, his hand upon the collar of Dr. Henry, whom he literally dragged, trembling, cowering, and almost unresisting, into the cell.

Forcing him to the side of the cot, he pointed to the lifeless figure, and said—

"Have, murderer! look upon your work!"

"Madman! let go my collar!" gasped the strongly agitated man, feebly struggling.

But the hand that was upon him was like the hand of a giant.

"Look upon your work!" he repeated, in a hoarse whisper—"and after the looking, for you, and from you, there will be yet another—a fearful looking for of judgment!" and tightening his grasp, he raised and hurled the unfortunate with such force from the cell, that he fell prone upon the floor of the lobby.

Those who beheld this scene, regarded it with breathless amazement. That Dr. Henry, a fine, athletic man, should have suffered himself to be dragged like a slave to the cell of his victim, held there and forced to look upon her, and her hated likeness, and then thrown down from the door; that his face should have blanched, his teeth chattered, and his frame shook, so as to leave him powerless in the grasp of his enemy—was incomprehensible. They looked after him, and saw him lift himself from his prostrate position, and heard him mutter—"He is mad; he need not be minded," as he slunk away from the spot. They could not understand it. Only Horace Heine understood it.

"That oft it haps that when within
They drink a sense of sorrow,
A flasher dances the brave;
A fool's wit speech confounds the wise,
And frantic prieves vail their eyes
Before their measure starts."

After the delay of several hours, consumed in the usual methods of business, the body of Agnes Heine was pronounced quite dead, and given up to the disposal of her friends.

Ernest Heine received it and conveyed it to his office, across the street, where, with the aid of reliable women, it was laid out and prepared for burial.

And on Sunday morning her humble funeral procession left the office for the village churchyard, in which her family grave had been purchased.

Afterwards a white stone was placed at its head bearing her name and this epitaphic text:

"THE INNOCENT IS NOW DEAD!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

TOLERATION

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Though in the nurture of our faith
We cannot all be true,
Yet in the bonds of friendly love,
We may be all in you.

For were each mind and heart the same,
In fact not worth a feather;
Where would mind refine to gain,
Or heart and peace together.

The world indeed would wear to
Be but a dull and cheerless sphere,
If once world struggling to be save
The rank sweep of oneness,
If each and every one were driven,
In brow's wide field to labor;
Closed his own creed, and his alone
The stone right to his neighbor.

A DUEL ON THE GULF.

BY STEPHEN CORD, JR.

During the summer of 1836, William Bart commanded one of the United States Mail Steamers plying between New Orleans and Mobile. He belonged in New England, and in the spring of the year had come to Mobile to spend the hot months in relatives in the latter section. While at home he became deeply attached to a young man named Edgar Romney, a distant relative of his wife, and when he got ready to leave for the South, he urged Edgar to go with him. The young—only twenty-four—had just graduated at Harvard University, and having no business upon his hands, and, moreover, being blessed with no great amount of money, he considered it wrong to refuse, which was the office of clerk on the boat. Romney was a slightly-built, delicate-looking young man, long and hard study having made him pale and thin; but he was quick and active, and the possessor of his clear gray eye—a look that a small fraud could not withstand.

Edgar entered upon his duties as soon as he reached Mobile, and ere long he had won the confidence of every one on board, and was a favorite man on the route, but of all the travelers who became acquainted with him, His manners were quiet and unassuming, he was polite to all, ever ready to all who asked for information or assistance; and yet he showed a dignity that drew a pistol from him. Captain Burt loved him as though he had been a son, and his affection was returned.

One day, as the steamer was taking in the last of her load at New Orleans, Edgar received a slip of paper from the hand of a deck-hand.

"A new clerk, eh? And Yankee, too. I thought I knew every one here."

The youth turned and found the speaker to be a tall, powerful man, dressed after the fashion of a professional of black hair upon the face, and an evil, malevolent look.

"You are familiar, eh?" said Edgar, with a disdainful curl of the lip.

"Eh? Pooah, is it? By the powers, my boy, you'll have that taken out of ye before you've been long in these parts."

The clerk gave the fellow a look of disgust, and then turned to his business; and as he walked away, "I imph!" the stranger passed on into the cabin.

"Do you know that man?" asked the pilot, who had heard each.

"No," returned Edgar. "I never saw him before. Who is he?"

"Thet is Archy Lodman."

"Lodman!" repeated the youth, in quiet surprise. "The gamester and duellist?"

"Yes," resumed the pilot. "That is the man—the most desperate character upon the gulf. He's been up the river, I guess. I haven't seen him here before for a month."

Edgar was here called away, and the pilot went forward in the wheel-house. He was extended on was cast loose, and steamed it down the river. There were a number of passengers on board, and the clerk was soon busy in receiving their fares.

"How's yer pride now, me boy?" Edgar heard a rough voice exclaim, as a new hand-role, all crumpled and twisted, was shoved under his nose. He looked up and saw Archy Lodman.

"If you'll attend to your own business, I'll attend to mine," said the young clerk, with a flush in the eye, and a haughty curl upon the lip.

"Crusty for a green 'un, ain't he?" the ruffian replied, turning to a companion who wore a baggy cloak.

"Cassedly so," was the response, and the two walked off together.

It was night by the time the boat entered the gulf, and ere long the cards were flying in the saloon. Archy Lodman was in his element now, and he handled the "bits of board" with a graceful skill.

"Play?" he said, addressing a young man who stood close by, watching his movements. "Just for a bit of sport."

"If you can make up a party I don't mind," the passenger replied. He was a slim, gentlemanly-looking person, and ever his eye would wander and proud to be the son of a wealthy Louisiana planter.

"I wouldn't play with that man," whispered a voice in his ear.

The youth turned and saw Edgar Romney. They had met several times since the St. Charles, and been introduced to each other, and therefore young Romney knew that William Balfour had been robbed—was robbed with some of his companions in the city, and he feared he might be led into trouble.

"Never fear for me," young Balfour returned, evidently a little nettled to think that his friend should regard him as incapable of curing for himself.

Edgar saw the feeling in a moment, and he said no more; but he noticed the savage look which Lodman gave him, for the gesture was fixed his purpose.

In a little while a party of four was made up, and the game commenced—a game of poker—the bang-dog looking man being one of them.

For a while Balfour won on quite smartly, Harrow winning over a hundred dollars; but finally the play became more exciting, and the stakes were increased. Romney watched the proceedings closely, for he saw that Balfour was to be fleeced. He could see it in the make-the-fire of the blackleg's eye, and in his handling of the diagonal of fine friends.

Balfour won five hundred dollars, and then lost it. He won three times in succession with that, and then lost two hundred. He did not know that he was playing with the skill of a master; but Romney saw it very plainly. Presently the young man threw down the cards and said—

"I'm done with you."

"For a while, mayhap," said Lodman, "but not for good. Will you give me a chance to get back my money?"

"I must ask you," said Balfour, assuming an anxious appearance, as he covered the bet.

"I have replied it up in a barquella, indeed," thrown down his cards.

"By the powers, he's gone, just cheated and that all. *Three fives, and the other pair of queens!*" And as Lodman spoke he showed his hand and raked down the money.

During the next five minutes there were no good hands dealt, and Balfour and Lodman, "bluffed," and then keeping the deal. Finally Balfour held four jacks, and supposing that Lodman held three aces, was plain to be seen that he had never before played with sharpers, for he seemed to feel sure of winning now.

Fifty better," said Lodman, putting down his money.

"I see that, and go a hundred better," added Balfour.

At this point the bang-dog and his co-se threw up their hands.

"A hundred better than that," replied the sharper.

Then Balfour increased his stake to five hundred, and finally to a thousand. five hung there, and Balfour stretched his hand out, and while the youth having made a bet of two thousand.

"You may beat me," said Lodman, "but I'll be either made or broken, so here's to see you, and here was four aces—four dollars better!"

William Balfour sank back in his chair, and with a sort of vacant look gazed upon the hand he held. His countenance was pale, and his lips quivered. He stood behind him, but Edgar's eye was fixed with a fearful intensity upon the hidden cards. William drew a long breath, and then placed his hand upon the table, and with a look of wild anxiety seized packet. With a trembling hand he tore it open, and threw down the four aces of the winning dollars each. It was money entrusted to his care by his father for the payment of a mortgage in Louisiana.

"I see your four diamond and call you!" the youth said, in a hoarse voice.

A score of the passengers had collected about the table, and all were breathlessly interested.

"Four aces!" said Lodman, spreading his cards.

"Low!" groaned Balfour, dropping his head and then clasping his brow.

"Four aces!" repeated Edgar Romney, in a trumpet tone, as Lodman started to rake down the money. "Four aces, indeed! I have seen you stock and mark those cards, and exchange for a pack of similar high pairs between your knees, till you had given just such hands as you've just pounced. Touch that money, and you die on the spot!" and he spoke in a voice that thrilled to the bosom.

"I am!" uttered the blackleg, starting up from his chair, and drawing a like weapon from his bosom. "You pulled your gun, my gentleman. Come on dock, and we'll try that! Come—while I record, meddling coward!"

"You pulled your gun, Balfour, starting up between the two: "You shall not do this, Edgar!"

"Shall not, eh?" shouted Lodman, leaping up the cabin stairs.

All was now excitement and confusion in the saloon; while Burt had come down from the wheel, tried to dissuade Edgar from going up.

"Don't, Edgar, don't go," he implored. "I can't afford to lose that villain!" the youth cried, in vehement tones. "He has pulled a gun, and I must show him he must meet a quarrel from the first."

But you should have taken no notice of him, Edgar," said Burt, anxiously.

I had received not to do so, Captain; but when I saw the villainously on my friend, I could not restrain from the most terrible vengeance. Balfour, you have been robbed by this villain was stacking his very honor in the unequal contest, how could I help it? I could not, and I will not. Come, Balfour, come!" and he drew me through it."

All that time, and in that place, there seemed no other alternative; for had Edgar refused to fight now, the villain would have insulted him without mercy. Burt knew this—they all knew it—and, much as they loved the youthful clerk, they saw the affair was now past interference. Besides, he had himself in a measure provoked. The captain might have forbidden it, but that would only have delayed the affair—not prevented it.

Edgar went on deck, and the passengers followed him. The moon was at its full, and her soft beams fell upon the waters of the gulf and upon the peopled deck with an effulgence almost equal to noon-day.

"Ah—you're come, eh?" cried the powerful duellist, with a sneer. "I expected you would have thought it more safe below. But take your place. We need no seconds here. All know the deadly prerogation you have given me. Who shall count for us?"

"I'll count," said the man with the bang-dog face.

One more attempt was made by William Balfour to save his friend.

"Let me take your place, Edgar," he urged, earnestly.

"No!" replied the clerk. "Stand back! The quarrel is mine!"

The men now cleared in the gangway. Romney standing upon one side of the deck, and Lodman upon the other. All was still save the plash of the water, as the sharp bows cut through their track, and the moon looked down so brightly and serenely as though no evil were to be done.

"Are you ready?" asked bang-dog.

"I am," said Edgar.

"Then here goes! *One—two—*"

At the word *two*, a quick, sharp crack broke upon the air. Lodman had pulled his trigger, and the cap had exploded without discharging his pistol. That was the way in which he generally "killed his man."

At the word "*three*" Edgar fired into the air.

"Fool!" uttered Burt, "why didn't you shoot him? You had him fast enough?"

"I would not murder an unarmed man!" And then turning to his antagonist, he asked—

"Do you fire at the word 'two?'"

"I'll be as safe as not," replied the blackleg, drawing another pistol. "We'll see if this one is not more sure."

"Stop!" cried Balfour, in agony. "You've stood before him once, and spared him when you might have killed him! Let me take my pistol now!"

"No," spoke Edgar, calmly. "*The villain has not spared me yet.*" And as he said this he cocked his second pistol, and took his stand.

"Ready?" asked bang-dog.

"I am," said Edgar.

"Then look out. Now! *One—two—three!*"

At the word "*three*" the two pistols were fired upon the still air, and the dark villain reeled to and fro as if about to fall.

"*And I fire as suits me best!*" the young clerk said, as he turned from the scene.

Even the two friends whom Lodman had brought on board saw the fairness of the thing, and they stood in silent admiration. They saw the corpse of the dead duellist and bore it away to the forecastle, and then they saw the boat in a turpaulin, intending to have it buried when they reached Mobile.

"I'll be—" said Edgar Romney, as he handed to William Balfour all the money the latter had lost. Three was a red hook upon his pale features, and his voice trembled. "Take it, and then no charge pledges with me. Say that you will never gamble again, and I'll promise you never to fight another duel?"

"I will," was given.

"I am glad you have taken such a pledge," said Burt—"not so much because there are hundreds who will blow the moment that bell you to your feet and, I hope, last duel."

ACTIVE WOMEN.

As a rule it may be remarked, that noisy women are much less than they seem to do, and quite as often often do more. But it does not follow that all quiet women are active; on the contrary, a great deal of sin are indolent, and work only on compulsion. Such women have their good points, and are one of the most valuable of those in their quiet sphere. It is a great luxury in domestic life; but perhaps it is a luxury which is too expensive for a poor man, unless he can get it combined with active help—the wife of a poor man, whether what her profession or position, ought to be active in the performance of the work. She ought to rule her house with diligence, but make no boast of it. Her husband's opinion, and not that of strangers, is to set of her husband

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WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

The Twenty-Second Day of February draws near, bringing its host of beautiful and glorious memories. It will mark the one hundred and twenty-seventh anniversary of the birth of one who, though dead in the flesh, lives proudly in the heart of a Republic which his wisdom and valor, under God, aided so much to establish, and in the purest admiration ever decreed by the world to the memory of mortal man. It is one hundred and twenty-six years since George Washington was born, in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, and fifty-nine years, the 14th of December last, since he expired at Mount Vernon, Virginia, crowned with a halo of glory and grief, the brightest in Fame's Pantheon.

The recurrence of the day ought to be a spell, cast upon the agitated and discordant elements of the Republic. It comes in the midst of scenes and tempests already threatening to sunder and shiver this glorious Union, which the genius and patriotism of Washington labored and prayed for to the last hour of his life, and over which, from his death-bed, he uttered his benison and invoked the blessing of God. Washington, the "Father of his Country," so palpably singled out by Providence to be the Champion of Freedom in the New World, lived from the moment he entered upon the field of public action, for but one purpose, and to but one end, the independence and confederation of those Colonies which chose him for their leader, and on whose altar, for liberty or death, he cast his fortune and his life.

Would that on this day every Representative in Congress, every Politician, every Fanatic, and every American might be drawn to the perusal of that Farewell Address, in which Washington marked out a chart for the Republic, pointing to every possible danger before it, and invoking his countrymen to caution, concession and union, as the means, and the only means of preserving, extending and beautifying for freedom the land and people which God blessed in their Revolution, and which, pursuing wise counsel, have to this day, in peace and in war, grown in prosperity, influence and power. Surely, if there is a feeling of patriotism left in the heart of the American people, this day should strike it with electric force, and the vibration should rise in a thunder-toned psalm of Union, "one and inseparable," now and forever! Let us reflect this day, with the memory of Washington fragrant in every thought, how this Union was wrought—what it has cost, and how much it has accomplished for us and for the world. Let us gather in spirit around the hallowed dust at Vernon, and take counsel with the spirit of Washington; it will be good for us; it will rekindle flagging patriotism, and cover fanaticism and treason with indignation and scorn.

Washington's birth-day! Why do we hallow and revere it? The sun may not smile more pleasantly, nor the air be balmier; the voices of nature are only harmonious and beautiful as ever; it is not the flowing hours, but the associations they inspire and recall, the examples they remind us of and the lessons they bid us consider, which make this day a great foot-print in the sands of time, telling us where a wise and noble voyager—the father of his country—started on the course of life; and following that course of stately steps, we see the whole path by which he arose to be the foremost man in all the world, leading a nation to freedom, such as the ideal of Plato never conceived. And the voyager who guided a nation so successfully from infancy to manhood, whose counsel never failed, while living, in wisdom and truth, shall not his words of advice and entreaty, uttered when his judgment was ripest and his vision clearest, have deeper weight now that only his immortal spirit is left to us? Can we enshrine Washington in our hearts, when we have ceased to venerate his memory, and have [illegible] his counsels and prayers in the dust—trampled them, perhaps, in suicidal and fratricidal blood?

Let us pause and reflect. The name of Washington is linked with the name of the Union. Dissever the one, and we may no longer invoke the other. The spirit of Washington can never smile on the fragments of the Union, nor will a just God bless a discordant sundering of the fabric created and consecrated by the valor and patriotism of our fathers. To revere Washington, we must revere the Union. Treading on the Union, we tread on every monument and association dedicated to Washington. What, with a riven Union, will be the significance of that trophy now rising near the capitol—that monument looking down upon Baltimore—that pyramidal pile towering over Bunker Hill? Will they be longer monuments to the father of his country, or to the freedom for which he reared a home? Alas! Washington *had* a country, and was revered as its father, but with a riven Union that country is no more. It will live only in the memory of the future, an accursing and accusing phantom, its freedom lost, the spirit of its father and the blessing of God withdrawn, and all its temples, trophies and altars, only so many broken emblems of the folly and madness of a people who would make no sacrifice but that of their country!

CLASS LEGISLATION.

A large per centage of the laws on our statute books are the fruit of class legislation—that is, they are laws passed at the instigation and for the benefit of a few. Many of these laws never were, and never will be, heard of by the people at large. Beyond serving a petty special purpose, they are dead statutes—cumbering and confusing the code. But although class legislation is the parent of a multitude of laws that are idle and obsolete, so far as the great public is concerned, it is also the father of many living, active laws—laws that are a hindrance of the common weal.

If one will watch a session of any State Legislature, or of Congress even, he will soon perceive that our law-makers do not always act from their own conviction of public need, but are influenced by special agencies. There is no doubt at all among the "knowing ones" about this. It is well understood, whether it be called corruption or by some gentler name, that an outside, self-elected legislature, called "The Lobby," frames our most important acts of legislation. The "lobby," or "power behind the throne greater than the throne itself," is become absolutely a part of our government—state and national—and as it represents narrow, property or partizan interests, the legislation it effects is, of course, class legislation. The late revelation touching a well-known mercantile and manufacturing firm, as having expended nearly a hundred thousand dollars to carry the last Tariff modification through Congress, is a specimen of the magnitude of the "lobby" in class legislation. The secret history of Congress in relation to Ocean Steam Navigation, and land-grants for railroad purposes, could reveal the wealth and power of the lobby in still greater magnitude.

Privileged classes, in this country as in some other lands, are constantly seeking, and not unsuccessfully, to add to their privileges. Elected legislators are becoming more and more merely nominal law-makers—the "lobby" is the real enacting power. Such is the sagacity of the lobby, that it moves the largest bodies with ease. It understands the final secret of power, as well as did the Macedonian who subdued the otherwise unsubduable Demosthenes, with a golden cup. Shameful as it may appear, promise and hope of office shape much of our legislation, but direct pecuniary considerations shape more. The principle is so well established, that monied men waste no time in *supplication* for statutes—they club their money and buy up the law-making power. They find this the quickest and cheapest method. There are many corporate and class interests in our own State that, laid bare, would prove more than we have affirmed.

The cry of corruption raised by parties out of power against parties in power, and against each succeeding Congress and Legislature, is unfortunately too well founded. But the cry brings no reform. *New political successions* repeat the practices of their predecessors. Remedy seems hopeless, and honest men can only repeat the maxim of Jefferson, that "the best government is that which governs least."

NIGHT SCHOOLING.

It may not be known, to all of our city readers even, that night schools are provided in New York, as in pioneering New England and elsewhere, during the cooler months, for such as cannot attend the free schools during the day.

It is one of the most gratifying things we know of, to visit one of these night schools, or "evening schools," as we believe they are more commonly designated, and observe the classes therein, with particular reference to their personal composition. There you will find, seated side by side, the boy of ten years, clad in rags, and the full-grown man in whole broadcloth. The one has slipped in under the cover of the darkness, because ashamed to attend during day-light; the other is there in the evening, because the toils of the day forbid his attendance at other times. Perhaps he is the head of a family, whose children attend at the self-same school-house during the day sessions.

On a recent occasion, when we took a glimpse of one of these evening schools—a glimpse, instead of a more thorough inspection, only because of a want of time—we found a man of the last-mentioned description in attendance. His case excited in us the liveliest interest. We could not help thinking how much wiser he was in spending his evenings thus than in loafing at some corner grocery, or doing worse at some drinking saloon! His motto evidently is, "Never too late to learn," the truth of which the history of hundreds of adult seekers of "knowledge under difficulties" has proved, to their own honor and the benefit of the world.

"SMALL TALK."

There is an old Asiatic tradition which would seem to account for the generally admitted fact that men indulge in "small talk" less than women, as a general rule. It states that a dozen baskets of "small talk" were strewn from Heaven in the garden of Eden. Adam, being less curious or less enterprising than Eve, only gathered three baskets, while she gathered nine.

"Small talk" is proper enough in time and place, and serves a good purpose in the social economies. It is only when out of time or out of place that we object to it. That it frequently encounters one or both of these objections, no social observer could have failed to conclude. It is far too apt to monopolize the entire time in social gatherings, to the exclusion of all that is sensible or instructive, and thus to become a bore and a nuisance!

The tendency of this is to drive sensible and intelligent people from the social circle, and leave it to the care and keeping of the frivolous and the ignorant!

A Good Move.—We are gratified to observe that the leading clergymen of our city are taking measures to secure a better observance of the Sabbath in our midst. The admirable resolutions recently reported by a committee of their number, consisting of Rev. Drs. Potts, Williams, Hawks, Hutton, Smith and Peck, have met with very general approbation from the respectable as well as the religious portion of the community. One of these resolutions is embodied in an article in another column on "The Civil Value of the Sabbath."

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

STREET THOUGHTS.

Unexhausted, inexhaustible New York! fertile in fun and filth; kaleidoscoping every minute a hundred phases of human life, with its joys and its agonies; giving as little heed to the smiles of the one as the tears of the other; swallowing up thy thousands by omnibuses, cars and ferries, only to replace them by other thousands who pass away as before. Who stops to heed? Each one knows that his death, from out that seething mass of humanity, would be but as a leaf on the stream, which is bearing us on so surely to that far distant shore whence there is no return voyage. But we close our ears to its rush and drift on; not all thoughtlessly; not all unmindful of the heart histories written on the tightly compressed lip, and anxious eye, and knotted brow beside us; not all without a heart-pang that there should pass us that woman, from whose eyes the pure light of Heaven has forever fled. Not all ungrieved that he who has slept on a holy mother's breast should not hesitate for the memory of her, ere he pushes over the precipice the feeble one whom the voices of his manhood should clamor to him to save. Not all careless that they whose motto is—For God and the right, should wield such clumsy and unskillful weapons. Not all careless that he who started in the race with the clear brow upon which all men might look—upon clean hands which honesty delighted to grasp—should wind and turn like the hare, and spring at last to the goal panting only with his own belittling aims and selfish passions—with only the tatters of patriotism hanging about him. Not all ungrieved that so many of the mothers in the land should let the sweet altar fire of home die out, that the funeral pyre of their children's happiness may glare upon the dazzled eye of the multitude. Not all ungrieved that sixteen years of the city lad's life should have exhausted its powers. Not all ungrieved that a husband may blush to love to stay in his home, but not stealthily to disgrace it.

Not that there are no Lots in this brilliant Sodom; not—blessed be God—that there are not happy homes in it, where no modern blight has ever come; where the happy wife is content to sit, as in the olden time, "making auld claes look maist as weel as new;" where the husband, in his slippered feet and easy-chair, reads and smiles at the bright faces around him, caring not to join the jaded pleasure-seekers in chasing what he knows will always elude their grasp. Not that some faces in this brilliant Sodom never shine with the light of high and holy deeds; not that lips never mention God's name reverently; not that there are no children here who never turned disgusted away from parents who preach one thing and practice another. All this we know—all this we have seen; but oh! how small a band are these! It still remains that our young people are too old, and that our old people are not sufficiently young—that the latter seldom or never mingle their sympathies with the former; that parents are content to feed, clothe and house their children, and that children are of course content with *external* service, and not always that. And this, I cannot but think, is the soil from which all these modern vices spring; this is why the daughter takes so lightly upon her lips the vow that releases her from parental bondage; this is why we hear of dissipated sons; this is why many a white head bows with agony, that might have been crowned by the hand of filial love; this is why we have atheism in its most revolting forms, and this is why too late, from so many pale lips, goes forth the despairing cry—Would to God I could die for thee, my child—my child!

And still the petty strife of life goes on, and I stand amid the seething, swaying mass, a mite, looking off upon the boundless, limitless sea which swallows up the sky; seeing the dismantled wrecks; looking with loving compassion upon the little bark making its first essay; trembling as I think of the treacherous rocks and quicksands, the wild winds, the wilder storms and the hungry sea; trembling for myself, looking ever fearfully about me, lest the only Arm that can save be not around my fearful heart. Fanny Fern.

NOW!

Significant monosyllable that, but how little appreciated! Whether we conclude that it is a fault of our first nature, (which no one will have the hardihood to do), or of our "second nature," as habit has not inaptly been called, certain it is that there is a tendency in mankind to postpone till to-morrow what should be done to-day. The sacred writings, especially the book of Proverbs, afford abundant evidence that this was the case when their injunctions were delivered, and modern moralists have made procrastination an earnest theme. The pious Dr. Young has pronounced that

> "Procrastination is the thief of time;
> Man resolves, and re-resolves, and dies the same.

Here, then, we see the importance of Now—the "everlasting Now," as Crowley calls it, where he proclaims that

> "Nothing there is to come, and nothing past,
> But an eternal Now does ever last."

This is the feeling that should ever be cherished by the young. It would teach them the value of time, and the solemnity of the present as well—the Now of which they can alone feel certain, as mortals. As such they have no to-morrow. Sufficient for each day is its own work, as well as the evil thereof. Procrastination is the worst possible folly. The time to act is now.

Let our young readers be satisfied fully of this in time—that is, *now*.

A NOBLE WORK.

The idea of furnishing country homes for the workless people of the great, overcrowded cities, is a comparatively new one. The old idea was almsgiving. This is practiced far too much still, because of the narrow and short-sighted views of some givers, and the selfishness of others. We say selfishness, because nothing but selfishness could dictate the bestowal of money upon beggars, because of its being a time-saving process. And who has not heard the apology for giving, without inquiry into their actual condition, that it was "*cheaper* to give a shilling or two, in order to get rid of importunity, and save time?"

How much wiser and more humane the plan now in vogue, of procuring employment for the unemployed, when they are tied down to the city by large families, and of sending them to the West, when unincumbered. It saves to them their self-respect, which the reception of alms always destroys, more or less. And this is an important result. When once self-respect gives way, there is no safety to moral character.

In this view, the efforts for the procurement of rural homes for the young of both sexes referred to—for young women as well as for boys—is deserving of all praise. By *helping the deserving to help themselves*, they are doing a noble work for suffering humanity.

LET THE SOUL ASSERT ITSELF.

There are no divinities among us. The most finely-touched spirit in our midst is only a spark of the Divine, struggling up to its source through the opaque wrappings of mortality. Our prelates are human, and our prophets are fallible. The most they can give us is here and there a glimpse and a suggestion; for the rest we must lift up our eyes and stretch forth our hands, standing fast by the oracles of God and the voice within us.

But we have fallen upon days of audacity and assumption. Grave doctors roll up their ethical, æsthetical and theological pills, and sagely count them out—so many sugar-coated, blue, and belladonna to be taken every hour till thoroughly indoctrinated. To make answer: "I have meat that ye know not of," or, "I see a light yonder," is rank heresy. If they cannot dispel the illusion with any crow-bar of logic, or battering-ram of rhetoric, we are given over to the father of lies with an unctious anathema.

To what purpose, then, are our strong instincts and full-voiced souls? We go forth with our destinies in our hands. It is not Paul, nor Apollos, nor Cephas we seek, but an answer from the Infinite without to the cry of the infinite within.

No man of true magnanimity will use the prestige of his genius, the magnetism of his personality, nor even the fine threads of intuition and prophecy, to compel another from his convictions. To a great, reliant soul there is something pitiable in the sight of a personality borne away and merged by a power that it does not acknowledge, yet cannot resist.

There hath been appointed under heaven, no moral, intellectual, or religious monarchy. The new-born babe is a self-assertor, in spite of swathing bands. The blue-eyed boy of six summers will startle the deepest philosopher with his innocent questioning, and sometimes leap at once to the solution of a problem, which the most sapient research had failed to compass.

Every home should be the fostering-place of those qualities which make self-sustained men and women; but it is too often a kind of mint, whose copper, silver and gold coin are all stamped alike with the ancestral arms. Away with the mummery of hereditary opinion—political, religious, or any other! To fasten the faith of a developing soul to the skirts of your own creed, is a wrong to that soul, to yourself, and to your creed. Sooner or later, the knowledge will come to him that your light is his darkness. The heavens have not opened to him; he has been walking blindly in your footsteps, with no revelation. The rays of the Godhead may stream upon your upturned gaze, but his eyes follow the trail of your garments; he sees no glory—hears no "well-beloved"—feels no inspiration; and, at last, enfeebled with spiritual vassalage, and disheartened by the gloom, he loosens his hold, and is tossed about helplessly. Let the glow of your faith and the might of your prayers surround such a soul like an atmosphere; but wait patiently till it thrills to the still voice of the Revealer.

And ye weary-hearted—vexed and bewildered with the counter-teachings of good and evil spirits, who come alike with white wings and soft-pleading whispers, pointing diverse ways to truth; ye misguided, with the demon of unbelief crouching darkly and heavily upon the beautiful faith of your childhood; ye self-distrustful—despising the oracle within, so unblessed of the oracle without—be silent! O, be silent! and the voice of the outer Jove shall stir the soul of the inner Jove to a glad "Eureka!" Mary Forrest.

CIVIL VALUE OF THE SABBATH.

The day of holy rest, to a land bearing the Christian name, and to a Republic based on equal rights, has the highest Civil Worth. Man needs it, *physically*, as a season when Labor may wipe off its grime, and breathe more freely after the week's exhaustion, and when Care shall slacken its hold upon the frame and the heart. Man needs it, *morally*, to rise by its aid out of engrossing secularities and materialism to the remembrance of his spiritual interests, his final account, and his eternal destiny. *Toil* needs it to rescue its share of rest, and its season of devotion from the absorbing despotism of Capital; and *Capital* needs it to shield its own accumulations from the recklessness and anarchy of an imbruted and desperate proletariate, and to keep its own humanity and conscientiousness alive. The *State* needs it, as a safeguard of the public order, quiet and virtue; human laws becoming, however wise in form, effete in practice, except as they are based upon conscience and upon the sanctions of Eternity, as recognized voluntarily by an intelligent people; and God's day cultivating the one and reminding us of the other. And in a *Republic* more especially, whose liberties, under God, inhere in its virtues, the recognition—freely and devoutly—by an instructed nation—of God's paramount rights is the moral underpinning requisite to sustain the superstructure of man's rights; and without such support from religion—not as nationally established, but as personally and freely accepted—all human freedom finally molders and topples into irretrievable ruin.

"TURN OUT THE SAINTS."

The Calcutta correspondent of the London Times, writing of the death of the lamented General Havelock, says:

> "He was, perhaps, the bravest man in his army, and was never so chatty or agreeable as under fire. He was a Christian of the old stamp—a strong God-fearing Puritan man, who deemed it no shame to teach his soldiers to pray. 'Turn out the saints,' said Lord Gough, on one occasion, when he anticipated desperate work: 'Havelock never blunders, and his men are never drunk.'"

This is an unconscious but striking compliment to "God-fearing Puritanism," to "Christianity of the old stamp." In whatever situation he is placed, the good man is the man to be most trusted. Whatever his *duty* is, *that* he will perform. It has always been so, and so it ever will be.

A HAPPY RETORT.

A few days since, during the trial of a case of assault and battery in the Superior Court in this city, a lawyer, who is fond of quoting Latin, used the expression, "Nihil fit;" whereupon his witty opponent, assuming a grave and indignant expression of countenance, said to the jury that as "Nihil" was not a party to the action, either as the assaulter or the assaulted, it made no difference whether he "fit" or not, or where, or when, or for what purpose, or with whom, he fought. This happy "turn" threw the judge, jury and spectators into a fit of hearty laughter, and so disconcerted the quoter of foreign tongues that he could not even make use of his own.

Objection to Travel by Night.—When a New Zealander travels by night, if the ideas of his forefathers have not lost their power over his mind, he will carry in his hand a cooked potato, to prevent his being assailed by evil spirits (kei pokea e te tupapaku), who are believed to be more mischievous then than by day, but have a great repugnance to come in contact with food of any sort, or any place where it is kept.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Advice is almost the only commodity which the world is lavish in bestowing, and scrupulous in receiving, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity. We seldom take it until too late, and still more rarely while there is yet time to profit by it. Great tact and delicacy are required either in conferring or seeking this perilous boon, for, where people do not take your counsel, they generally take offence; and, even where they do, you can never be sure that you have not given pain in giving advice.

Ablution is a duty somewhat too strictly inculcated in the Mohometan ritual, and often too laxly observed in Christian practice. As a man may have a dirty body, and an undefiled mind, so may he have clean hands in a literal and not in a metaphorical sense. All washes and cosmetics without, he may yet have a moral hydrophobia within. Pleasant to see an im-puritan of this stamp holding his nose lest the wind should come between an honest scavenger and his gentility, while his own character stinks in the public nostrils.

In a late speech before the Canadian House of Assembly, the Hon. Provincial Secretary incidentally remarked that a friend had just given him a graphic account of his travels in the muddy county of Guysborough.—"He was waddling through the mud, and seeing a hat in his way, stooped to pick it up, when lo! a head was disclosed to view; seizing hold of the head, he was startled with the exclamation of 'Stop! stop! be careful what you're about there's a horse under me.'"

It is a very pleasant and proper thing, no doubt, to have a *purpose*, but happy is the man who can indulge in the luxury, now and then, of having none at all; who can give over, at intervals, the steeple-chase of the world, and have a heart-holiday—pass his hand across his brow and wipe out the wrinkles, and so reverse life's engine and be a boy again.

Self-absolution is generally pronouncing our own pardon. We can generally reconcile ourselves, partially at least, to our own crimes and infamy. This power of the human mind has its uses, for the stings of conscience would be intolerable could we not steal some little relief from self-delusion.

A respectable gentleman, whom we used to know in the East as a remarkably modest and even timid youth, has set up pretensions in the South as a regular duelist. We never suspected that he had the slightest taste for saltpetre—unless in the beef-barrel.

"How old are you?" said a judge to a German arraigned before him. "I am *dirty*." "And how old is your wife?" "Mine wife is *dirty-two*." "Then, sir, you are a very filthy couple, and I wish to have nothing further to do with either of you."

A drunken sailor walked out upon a railroad with two women. The locomotive came along, and, as if for the accommodation of the women, divided him into two equal parts.

An absurdity is anything advanced by our opponents contrary to our own opinion or practice, or above our apprehension—and therefore a term very liberally used, it being applied in exact proportion to our ignorance.

It is said some babies are so small that they can creep into quart measures. But the way in which some adults can walk into such measures is astonishing.

"My speech is undergoing publication," said a member of one of our Legislatures the other day. We wonder if anybody is likely to undergo its perusal.

"I am afraid, dear wife, that, while I am gone, absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband, the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

The good people of Muscatine have a Dime society. Unless it is worth more than some societies we know of, it is unworthy of its name.

"I repeat," said a person of questionable veracity, "that I am an honest man." "Yes—and how often will you have to repeat it before you believe it yourself?"

"I have an idea in my head," said a noodle to his companion. "Have you? Then *keep it there*—it may be some time before you get another."

We saw a drunken man lately trying to get a watchman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.

Why are crows the most sensible of birds?—Because they never complain without caws.

CURRENT ITEMS.

As the Portuguese barque San Pedro was crossing the Gulf of Mexico, a few weeks since, when near the harbor of Havana, one of the sailors fell overboard, and before a boat could be lowered to his assistance he was devoured by a couple of sharks. One of them first bit off the unfortunate man's legs, when he uttered such terrific shrieks as nearly paralyzed the energies of those coming to his assistance, and soon after the other shark bit him in two, and thus ended his agony.

A Lyons (France) paper says that the tiger of a menagerie in that city got loose from his cage one night, and the next morning attacked the keeper as he entered the pavilion. The terrified man ran to the elephant for protection, and the sagacious creature, placing the keeper on his back, defended him from the tiger, until sufficient assistance came to secure the blood-thirsty brute.

The late attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon, whereby sixty people were killed and wounded and the Emperor's hat slit in twain, has so frightened his imperial majesty and the Empress Eugenie, that they live in a state of constant terror. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown—especially in France.

The jurymen of this city have been true enough to the obligations of their oaths for some time past, to bring against murderers a verdict of "guilty," and the same may be said of jurymen in other parts of the country. Should they continue thus faithfully to discharge their duty, we may hope for a decrease of this horrid crime.

It is stated by parties who are supposed to know all about the matter, that within the last fifteen years over two millions of dollars have been expended in getting sundry bills passed by Congress. This may account for the fact that many members of Congress have accumulated large fortunes within that time.

It is stated that a bill is soon to be introduced in our Legislature for the abolishment of all laws for the collection of debts in this State. There has been much talk about such a law for years past, but it can never be enacted by sane men.

A detachment of the United States soldiers in the Utah expedition had fine sport, not long since, in exterminating a sort of grizzly bear community, consisting of over twenty members. The bears fought well, but they could not withstand the terrible volleys of the troops.

Solomon Barrow, of Texas, was not long since poisoned by a handsome mulatto slave-girl living in his family. On reading his will, it was discovered that he had provided for this very girl's being set at liberty after his decease, and had also left her a bequest of $500.

It is reported that the celebrated Texan Ranger, Colonel Jack Hays, has been taken prisoner by Brigham Young, who holds him as a hostage on whom to wreak his vengeance, in case any of his "Mormon children" are ill-treated by the officers of the United States.

A couple of gamesters on a Mississippi steamer recently got into a fight over their cards, and mangled each other horribly, one having an eye gouged out, and the other the fingers of his left hand shot off. No one interfered, as it was hoped they would kill each other.

James Coaden, a boy nine years of age, the son of a widow living in Pacific street, Brooklyn, slipped and rolled down the cellar stairs of his mother's residence a few evenings since, whereby he was so severely injured that he died in a few hours.

It is understood that the Mayor is about to break up all the "gift enterprises" in this city. We hope the report is true, as the people, and especially those living at a distance, have been swindled enough by these concerns.

Mrs. Margaret Lyons, of Chicago, recently committed suicide on account of her reputation having been severely attacked during a trial in a court of justice in that city.

Some of the farmers in the southern part of Ohio have for some weeks been making maple sugar. Such a thing as making maple sugar in February was never before known.

It has been decided in the Circuit Court of Kings County that lager bier is not an "intoxicating beverage."

A bill preventing the marriage of first cousins in that State, has been passed by the Legislature of Kentucky.

SONG OF THE PINE TREE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Ah! I love that I have a deep, sorrowful note,
Heard from me in the wild waving forest alone!
For the pain in the mournful, cold stir of each leaf
But to sing all the while of Humanity's woe!

When the lover so sees shall behold o'er the stem
The blood-red sun-burst crowned down in the west!
When the father no more finds his babe in the shroud,
While the mother's wild shriek is sending silent!

When no more I shall hear, in the midnight's dead hour,
Little feet walking softly around the tree-trunk!
When your Humanity's no more but a hard-sheeting word!
Like the voice of a demon in Paradise heard!

When the fierce hand of Mammon shall paralyzed fall
As he thinks, while he glides through the dark pine or hall,
Of the jaws by five sinners o'er the first victim's pall!
When Ambition, who looks but to Liberty's God
For the right to be crowned, shall be crowned down in the sod!
When the world shall a sky-spirit enthroned be seen,
Where all nations together in love shall be one!
When no more I shall sing, as I sing now, alone!
Little feet walking softly around the tree-trunk!
When your Humanity's no more but a hard-sheeting word!
Like the voice of a demon in Paradise heard!

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XX.

MICE AND FIDDLER DICK SWOP VISITING.

True to his promise, Fiddler Dick made his appearance on the appointed night at the cottage of his dear friend Mike. Bet and the child Pat also accompanied him. The former was a woman of bustle, and came, as she said, to see that everything was square between the two pals, who neither of them, it seemed, could trust each other. A witness made all right, she thought.

The child was, as his taskmaster had described, in the last stage of consumption—that fatal disease which, like the canker in the bud, destroys the promise of many an opening flower. She was thin—miserably thin—and her dark, lustrous eyes appeared unnaturally large and bright from the contrast with her pale, emaciated features. In blight, and the color of her hair, there was a strong resemblance to Lillian, who grew with wonder and pity on the poor shivering creature, as she crept to her side by the fire.

"I think that's the article you require," observed the merchant, glancing significantly towards his victim.

Mike nodded in the affirmative.

"I've tried to do to perwide Bet to part with her, she is so fond of the kids—quite a mother to 'em. But—I will, when I say done, I really mean done, and——"

A violent fit of coughing from Pat interrupted the rest of his speech. The ruffian smiled.

"Do you hear that? he said. "Rule as if a mail wur a-being driven into a coffin."

"And ain't her air and eyes the very thing?"

The merchant confessed it would do, and then dilated to find a better match.

Whilst the two men and Bet were settling matters over the bottle, the two children made some approach to acquaintance. Lilly, who was still anxiously expecting Jack, asked the little sufferer if she was to remain with them.

"I don't know," answered the child, in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper. "I should like it, if it is to warm here."

"Are you not warm at home?"

"Not since I have been sent to sleep in the wash-house."

Here a second fit of coughing disturbed the two ruffians at the table. Pat looked terrified, and vainly tried to suppress it.

"Don't you be quiet, cum you?" exclaimed Fiddler Dick, shaking the whip, which he had not forgotten to bring with him, at her.

"I can't help it," gasped the child, "indeed I can't."

"I'll make ye, then."

Doubtless the ruffian would have executed his threats but for Mike, who, perhaps, dreaded his fate, as he should be obliged to call in the parish doctor, if would not do for him to have any marks upon her.

"She is lucky," muttered the brute.

And the conversation was renewed.

"Does he often beat you?" inquired Lilly in an under tone.

"He beats us all in turn," was the reply.

There was something dreadful in the cold field/ference with which the words were uttered, as if being beaten were quite a matter of course.

"And what does he beat you for?"

"I don't know—anything—when we don't dance to please him, or the dogs/ticks don't grin as he say money."

"And do you dance?" demanded the astonished Lillian.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the streets, upon stilts: there are four of us. Fiddler Dick," added the speaker, "for Jane bound him bail Bet about you."

"About me?"

"Yes, you're to be one of us."

The information put poor Lilly into a terrible fright. Unhappy as she found herself in the cottage alone with Mike, the change appeared worse, as the unknown generally does to the unfortunate.

Bet having fully satisfied herself that everything was straight and below board between Dick and his old friend, now approached the fireplace and directed the children to change places. Pat did not wait to be told a second time. So great was her dread of the stranger, that she crept on the bed directed to put her little head between the bars of the burning grate, she would have scarcely consented: Lillian, however, hesitated.

"Didn't you hear me?" exclaimed the woman, at the same time striking her roughly, and beginning to unloosen her frock.

The orphan resisted.

"Ah, I see what you wants," added Bet, rising to finish the whip.

"She will beat you," whispered Pat.

The terrified Lillian hastily began to remove her things, but her obedience came too late to save her from the fury of the half-drunken wretch. One severe lash of the whip seamed her ivory shoulder with a long red scar.

"I told you you'd get it," said her companion in misfortune.

Startled by the piercing shriek which followed the blow, the two men turned round.

"Stash it, Bet!" cried her husband, "can't you quit?"

"I sh'l'n-goin' to stand any of her nonsense," muttered the female fury, raising the whip a second time over the crouching victim.

"Stash it, I say," roared Fiddler Dick, starting from his chair, "or do yer want me to use it? Lay it down—you may look—I mean it."

The woman threw it upon the floor: she knew that the speaker could use it, and had no wish to put him to the proof.

"Come, come, no quarrelling," observed Mike, in a conciliatory tone.

"Want is she aggravating me for, then?"

"Well, well," said his host, "it is settled now. Lilly will be none the worse for a slight correction."

It must not be supposed that any sentiment of humanity had induced the roundabout to interfere; far from it: he was above such weakness; but the fact was, he had the property at not being allowed to vent his own ill-humor upon poor Pat, and did not like to see another indulge in a luxury he was debarred from.

LILLIAN'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HER NEW MISTRESS.

At the sight of Dick and his wife, all three drew back to make room for them, and remained with their eyes fixed inquiringly upon the newcomers.

"Here, Lia," said the man, addressing the bushy-whiskered child, "here be a companion for you."

The child looked pleased with her new acquaintance. It was something to vary the monotony of that lonely, dark abode.

"You won't see Pat any more," added Bet; "we have taken her home to her friends, and brought——"

"Brother, can't you?" muttered her husband. "What a tongue you have?"

The woman appeared dreadfully out of temper. It was the second time she had been reproved, and on the account of Lillian. As she darted red shots her ill-humour to him, her wrath silently gathered till she could find an opportunity of expending it upon the more defenceless weaker personation.

Supper was got ready, and as Fiddler Dick happened to be in an uncommonly amiable humour—for he considered that he had made an excellent bargain—the children were permitted to eat sitting-selves at table and join in the meal; but it seemed to affect them as a pleasure beyond that of eating: the mirth, the freedom of childhood were absent. Not one of them could tell how long the unusual feast continued, for the hour of course just be exchanged for the kick or the blow.

"Now, then, for a little comfortable," said the ruffian, as he made himself a glass of strong gin-and-water, and then passed the bottle to Bet; "eh? it, Lilly?"

The child thought of Jack, and made no answer.

"Why don't you speak?" he added, crossly.

"Because she's thinking of a young donkey," replied the woman, striving to excite his anger against the child, as the course most likely to succeed.

The last observation betrayed the speaker's want of tact, for it drew the storm upon herself.

"You're mad, you fool!" exclaimed he, "can't I be allowed a little comfortable?"

"Comfortable!" she muttered, as she submitted to kiss-sid, as he turned into his own comparatively comfortable bed; "and then I should be a made man. Five hundred pounds! I shall be a respectable old dame! and no risk run; that is to say, no great risk."

It was some time before she could bring her feelings for respectability were so impatient as his ideas of it were peculiar, could compose herself to sleep. Sometimes he thought of his nephew Jack, and the kind master he had provided him with; and wondered how he liked the sea. Then he recollected Lady Rochford and his brother, and chuckled over the deception at the gaol, and how he was preparing to play them.

The hideous laugh repeated. "I'll have a thousand, at least, from each of 'em, afore I've done with 'em. They ain't agoin' to do so, I can tell 'em. Cunning as they think themselves, they shall find Mike is a match for both."

With this reflection the old convict fell asleep, without one thought of the little sufferer he had so cruelly exposed to the night wind, which continued to whistle and moan through the loose tiles of the roof, and as a dismal accompaniment to his dreams.

Poor Lilly felt bitterly cold as she trudged through the streets by the side of Fiddler Dick and his wife, that night in the bleak frosts of January. It was a long way from the Belvedere-road to White-chapel; but though her feet ached and her limbs shivered, she did not dare to complain. The scowling look of the woman, the cruel countenance of the man, terrified her, and her tears trickled silently till the keen frost from them on her pale cheek. A few hours before, and she considered no fate could be worse than hers; but now she thought with regret on the warm fire and clean air of the cottage, even though it was impregnated with the odors of tobacco and gin, which made her both sick and giddy.

At last her conductors stopped at a wretched-looking house in one of the narrow, dingy alleys in the neighborhood. But drew forth a key, and all three entered it. There was a blazing fire in the lower room, close to which three children about her own age were closely huddled. They had been ordered to keep it up till the return of their taskmaster.

Two of these children appeared sickly; but the third, a hardy, strong little creature, had the appearance of robust health.

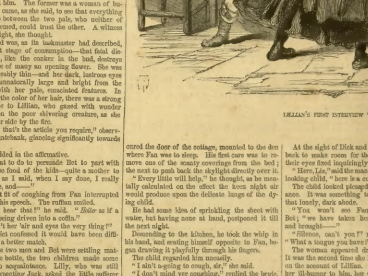
It was her first visitor; her companions had already passed one.

Fan heard the announcement with considerable satisfaction; it was years since she had worn such a nice frock. She felt warm, and had no wish to return into the night air.

"Mind what Dick says," she whispered in the ear of the shuddering victim. "He's the best of the lot. Good-night."

Complaint and entreaty were alike useless; her late gaoler only laughed at her prayer to be allowed to remain till Jack returned. Poor Lilly! had he granted it, she would have remained long enough.

On the departure of his visitors, who took their new victim with them, the old convict, having ex-



hausted the door of the cottage, mounted to the den where Fan was to sleep. His first care was to remove one of the roomy coverings from the bed; the next to push back the skylight directly over it.

"Every little will help," he thought, as he mentally calculated on the effect the keen night air would produce upon the delicate lungs of the sleeping child.

He had some idea of sprinkling the sheet with water, but having some at hand, postponed it till the next night.

Descending to the kitchen, he took the whip in his hand, and seating himself opposite to Pat, began drawing it playfully through his fingers.

The child regarded him uneasily.

"I ain't going to-night, sir," she said.

"I don't mind yer coughing," replied the brute.

In fact, I rather like to hear it—it's so innocent in this place."

Pat began to think it was very innocent, and would have preferred the night air to that of the wash-house again.

"I want to talk to you, Lilly," added Mike.

"My name isn't Lilly."

"Isn't!" exclaimed the ruffian, with a fearful scowl. "I'll teach you that it is; and, if you say it is not, I'll cut the flesh off your bones. There shall be none left. Now, what is your name?"

"Lilly," faltered the little girl, her dilated eyes riveted on the whip.

The convict smiled. Fiddler Dick had told him rightly—there would be no occasion to use it: she knew the sight of it.

"And now, Lilly, remember that is yer name," continued Mike; "if you're ill, you're not to call a doctor to cure you of that nasty cough."

The little sufferer felt an inward comprehend how she was to be cured; but she asked no question—new custody, the first hold of kindness and intelligence, had withered in her young mind. Fear had destroyed them. She promised, faithfully promised, to answer to no other name but that of Lilly; and, satisfied with having achieved so much, the old convict ordered her to bed of sleeping-place, and locked her in.

Five hundred pounds! he muttered to himself, as he turned into his own comparatively comfortable bed; "and then I could be a made man. Five hundred pounds! I shall be a respectable old dame! and no risk run; that is to say, no great risk."

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"What shall I do?" asked the wife, utter real ing the note. "The ungrateful creature!—at such a moment, too! after the promises I made her."

"What is the matter, my love?" asked the husband, laying down the paper.

Stock would have liked to have asked the same question, but contented himself with waiting to hear the answer.

"Read it, Charlie," said his wife, handing it to him.

The French waiting-maid had taken French leave—her courage had failed her at the sight of the sea; and Monsieur Hippolyte, the hair-dresser to the Burlington-arcade, had come down all the way to Southampton to make her an offer—she so much admired his dissimilar, &c. &c. &c., etc.

"The jade!" muttered the corporal, involuntarily.

The colonel turned sharply round to express him; but the offender did not choose to meet his eye just then—something had attracted his attention in the street.

"What will you do, my love?" said Sir Charles.

"What can I do?—only three more days."

"Perhaps you had better write to your aunts to find you another house-de-scholaire."

"They are in Norfolk," answered her lady-ship, pointedly, "and would send me some awkward, rustic creature, to try my patience every minute."

To my sister, then," added the gentleman.

"That would be worse."

"Some of our friends."

"Friends!" repeated Lady Bell; "did you ever know Hippolyte out of a place, when his professional service was really required? Do, Sir Charles, for once in your life suggest something that is possible. Now, don't smile in that quiet, provoking way," she added; "what would you say if my one came and told you that Stock had run away?"

He wouldn't believe it, my lady," said the man, answering the question for himself, who tried to look exceedingly grave.

"I only saw a French waiting-maid, John," observed his mistress.

"Thank you, my lady," replied the old soldier, in a tone of irresistible comic, that neither husband nor wife could retain their gravity.

After the difficulty was over, the lady-mate's something must be done. Lady Bell did not wish anything unreasonable—that to say, any unreasonable for a young wife, with handsome husband, who had never been contradicted, and could not draw her bath bill. The short, the long and the of it was,

"Impossible!" exclaimed the colonel, despairingly.

Her ladyship chose to consider herself a very ill-used person; and as the real culprit was not present to serve as a conductor to her anger I very naturally vented itself upon the corporal.

What could he mean by such an absurd word—"impossible" to the first servant who opened the door made to him?

It was in vain the rating husband attempted to explain that it was quite out of his power to decide the vexed a single day; the wife turned pointedly away.

At this juncture John Stock crept quietly out of the room. He was a great favorite with his lady—he had proved a most valuable servant to his master in the days of his bachelorhood, and now that he was married he found himself more so than ever.

Sir Charles left hast, and walked to the window. It was the first cloud of misunderstanding that ever passed between them; fortunately, it proved but a momentary one, the sunshine of a naturally happy disposition dispersed it almost as soon as formed.

Gilding gently after him, his wife laid her head upon his shoulder, and looked up into his face with tearful eyes but smiling lips.

"It's all your fault, Charlie," she whispered; "you are too good to me. Aunt Margaret said that you would spoil me."

As a matter of course, the gentleman vowed that was impossible, kissed away her tears, and wondered what she had found to scream and look convinces Annette had put her to so patiently.

Still the important question, what was to be done, remained unanswered. The colonel suggested canvassing up to town himself. This, however, Lady Bell would not listen to; in her anxiety to atone for her past unkindness, she affected indifference, wondered she had endured so much as a tête-à-tête before, declared she could do without a waiting-maid during the voyage, that the remainder or one of the sergeant's wives should assist her.

This, however, was as arrangement Sir Charles positively refused to listen to; and in doing so he displayed a remarkable knowledge of the sex, considering he had been so long a man a bachelor. A husband at her own age, in all probability, would have accepted it to the sacrifice of any of wedding further trouble, but the husband of fifty knew better.

Various plans were still under discussion, when a gentle tap at the door was heard.

"Come in!" cried the gentleman.

Corporal Stock made his appearance, his looks full of pleasure.

"I think, Colonel," he began, "that my husband up in an attitude of attention, as he invariably did when about to make a speech; "I've found the very thing her ladyship requires."

"A French waiting-maid?"

"No, Colonel, an English one."

"Who is she?" inquired his wife.

"The wife of a tall, fine fellow, who waits to enlist."

"Where is she?"

"Below, my lady."

"And what does she look like?"

"Pretty, modest, and very unhappy," answered the old soldier, with a strange emphasis upon each word. "I only wish your ladyship would see her; take my word for it, she is worth a dozen such flighty critters as Mons'selle, and you never know her own mind five minutes together."

"I will see her," said Lady Bell, whose curiosity, and, to do her justice, whose better feelings were excited by the description; "I'll go myself." And, suiting, leaving to her husband, "that she may not."

The colonel shrugged his shoulders. He had no such hope.

In five minutes Mark Rayner and Rose made their appearance in the drawing-room.

"A fine fellow" thought the commander of the gallant 61st, eying him critically.

"Pretty girl" was his next supposition," mentally observed his wife.

"So, my man, you want to enlist?" said the former.

"Provided I am not separated from my wife," was the reply.

"And you seek a place as waiting-maid?" demanded Lady Bell; "have you ever been in such a situation before?"

"Never," answered Rose.

"Really, your hair is very tastefully dressed. What taught you?"

"No one, my lady."

"And how comes it that you went to enlist, and your wife to take a situation?" inquired the colonel.

Mark related his story. Not quite as briefly as Rose would have wished, for he dwelt upon her goodness, the sacrifice she had made for him, and his own misconduct with a manly frankness and regret, which produced a favorable impression upon his hearers. Lady Bell's feelings became so painfully excited in his favor, when he described how they had been plundered by a hypocritical old rascal who advertised the sale of berths in the paper; their going to Liverpool, finding themselves, at last, to London. She would have engaged Rose at once, but a look from her husband restrained her.

Although a kind-hearted man, he was also a man of the world.

"In what day's paper," he asked, "did you see this advertisement?"

"In Thursday's, Sir Charles."

"Stock, the Times."

The corporal hastily searched amongst the pile of newspapers on one of the side tables, till he found the one required, and handed it to his master, who soon discovered the advertisement.

"Have you the tickets?"

Mark produced them.

"So far, my man," observed the baronet, "your tale appears conscientious enough; and were it merely a question of receiving you into my regiment, I should inquire no further—perhaps not have inquired so much, although a husband is the best of the ladies' maid; but I am not the only person concerned in the matter, and I must decline answering."

Here Lady Bell began to beat her foot with a tiny foot, a sign that she was getting slightly impatient.

"But before I can consent to Lady Pearson's engaging your wife to attend upon her," added the speaker, "I must have some further reference. Do you know any one in London?"

"No one that we can refer to, sir," replied Rose, with great presence of mind. "But if you would write to Mr. Fairlie, No. 10, Bedford-square, Contrats; (as the rector, Dr. Poundtext, either of them, I am sure, would confirm every word we have stated."

Sir Charles wrote down the address.

The eyes of the speaker filled with tears; evidently she wanted to add something more, but Mark checked her with a look.

"Speak freely," said Lady Bell, who had been watching her.

"Ask any question you please, sir," continued the faithful wife; "but don't, pray don't say my husband is going to enlist. He has been in the army service. We once had a home, a happy, though humble one, and head of our own, and—"

"I understand," interrupted the colonel, "and will frame my questions so as to spare your feelings."

"Thank you, sir."

"At all events," he continued, turning to Mark, "you may enlist; and I promise you that your wife shall accompany the regiment to Ireland, in the character as Lady Pearson's attendant, or with the wives of your comrades, must depend upon the answer to my letter."

The applicants thanked him gratefully, and withdrew. Rose, at least, was overwhelmed with joyful tears; come what might, they would not be separated.

The corporal followed them from the drawing-room; the honest fellow had taken quite an interest in Rose and her husband, and resolved to enlist the latter himself. "It will be a refuge," he thought, "if he has to leave the army after he joins the regiment."

"I am sure," said Mark, before accepting the shilling, "I may reply upon the word of the colonel."

"I should think you might," replied the old soldier, drily; "he never breaks it since I've known him, and that's going on for fifty years."

"Rose?"

"Ah, it!" said his wife, firmly.

The pain of Mark Rayner closed over the coin.

During the day Lady Pearson sent for the former to be hated, and they had a long conversation together on the various mysteries of the toilette, a subject which the ladies seem to be by nature to do more than touch upon. There were many points, no doubt on which Rose could have instructed her mistress, but then the emergency was great, her tale of sorrow had interested her, and she resolved to do as she promised, provided the answer to Sir Charles's letter proved favorable, to remain with her for the voyage out.

When she dismissed, she informed her husband what she had done, he shook his head half reprovingly.

"Always acting upon impulse," he said.

"Now, Charlie," replied the lady, "it is you that are unreasonable; remember, you fixed the conditions yourself, and I could not help it possibly my own. What would you say to me, if I were to interfere with the command of your regiment?"

"My love!"

"I've a great mind to try it."

The colonel began to look a little uneasy.

"And I will, too," added his wife, laughingly, "when you have become accustomed to the idea of being undesirable or very dreadful. I promise you."

Stock, who was waiting at table, heard and understood a smile. He felt convinced that her ladyship would keep her word.

The next post brought a reply from the Elms. It ran thus:

Sir Thornton presents his compliments to Sir Charles Pearson, and is most happy in being able to answer his inquiries respecting Mark Rayner and his wife favorably, especially regarding the latter, whom he has known for years. Her conduct, both as a girl and a wife, has been above exemplary; in fact, cited as an example to the whole parish by Mr. Fairlie, and Charles Pearson may rest assured that she is a trustworthy person; her integrity is undoubted.

Sir Thornton would have felt happy, had they remained at St. Faith's, to have taken them both into his employ."

"Satisfactory, quite satisfactory," said the baronet, handing the letter to his wife, who felt delighted that the good opinion she had formed of her protégé was confirmed.

Mark and his wife were sent for; the former appeared to great advantage in his undress uniform.

The colonel mentally decided that he had not a finer looking man in his regiment.

The letter was read over to them.

"Sir Thornton is a good gentleman," said the corporal, "and has spoken very kindly of you, poor lass, than I deserve. But not of Rose," he added, gazing proudly on her; "she merits every word that he has written about her, and more, much more, if he knew all."

"Hush!" whispered his wife.

"What things are you in," replied his commanding officer, pleased at what he considered the modesty of his remarks.

"Captain Dunlick," replied Mark.

Lady Bell made a slight grimace; evidently the captain was no favorite of hers.

"You will proceed on board at once, and—

"Stay, stay!" interrupted her ladyship. "The colonel means that you will proceed on board to-morrow; he forgets that your wife is to remain at the hotel, and that you must have many things to say to each other. Conduct yourself well, she added," and you may rely that he will not lose sight of you."

Rose and her husband both looked exceedingly grateful, and Sir Charles happy to be let so reasonably, good-naturedly confirmed the arrangement.

"I kept my promise," said his wife, when they had withdrawn.

"Cheerfully, and like yourself," replied her husband, gaily. "But, Bell, I think I must make a compromise with you."

"What is it?" demanded the lady, laughingly.

"No more interference in military matters; discipline must not be tampered with; even promise me. Of course," he added, "I shall always feel happy to listen to anything you may have to say, privately."

"A compromise!"

"Do—a treaty."

"Which I loyally ratify!" exclaimed her ladyship.

The commander of the 61st gallantly kissed the hand which extended to him, and the subject dropped between them.

We must once more, and, we trust, for the last time, call the reader's attention to the house in the house of the convict in the Belvedere-road, where Mrs. Rose thoroughly despised to answer to the name of Lillius, was rapidly dying. The parish doctor had been called in, and at once pronounced the case beyond the reach of science.

"Let her have anything she asks for," he said; "and send for the clergyman if she wishes it."

Miss listened to the sentence with pleasure. Anything but what the dying girl should wish for, to him. In a few hours the five hundred pounds would be his, and the poor rich creature; yet, fearful as the sentence was to her, she had not the courage to express satisfaction to shorten it. Prudence alone restrained her; for, on the next two days, she remained at himself with *seeming* continually in her presence.

"Every little helps," he thought, each time he heard her moan.

On the third morning, when he entered the bedroom, he found the sufferer lying with her head back closed where Lillian slept for appearances' shame on the Wednesday evening, and her eyes shut, though he had the pipe as usual between his lips, the child never coupled once. Miss didn't half like it—*something* was wrong. Was she dying? Was possible she could be getting better?

"I am glad," exclaimed the little victim; "I have seen father."

"Where?" said the ruffian; "has Fiddler Dick been here?"

"I mean my own father, the one that used to take me on his knee a long while ago, like me, play with me in the garden, and call me Fanny."

"Your name's Sis's Fanny, I tell you," roared the convict.

"Yes, it is."

Miss raised the whip. To his astonishment, the child, instead of shrinking and trembling at the sight of it, looked him full in the face, and, for the was no longer afraid of him.

A mingling of wrath and grief suddenly crossed his mind; she was dying; and the majesty of death, which he had never before realized, filled his way as her breast grazed. To assure himself that such was really the fact, he thrust his hand under the bedclothes and felt her feet; they were cold as ice. She appeared perfectly unconscious that he had entered the room.

"And so you saw your father, did you?" said the question.

"And where did you see them?"

The child tried to raise her emaciated arm, and pointed to the foot of the bed, to Miss Lillian. Mike was standing. A chill crept through his frame, and he moved uneasily to the other side of the room.

The eyes of the poor girl only followed her, and her head fell back, as they had been painfully pointed.

"Has are you seemin' at?" he demanded.

The word "father" fell, gently murmured, on his ear, from the lips on which he had seen a look of sadness it no longer. A nameless terror fell on him. Perhaps the bright spirits hovering round that little form, which he could not see, could see what he might not profane it by his presence.

He left the room, and the house but the house, carefully locking the door after him.

"I'll tell it to Sis, for him I come back," he muttered, "and then I shall be a made man. Five hundred pounds!"

Miss was correct on the occasion, he directed his steps to one of his usual haunts to strengthen his wonderful powers of "seemin'" with a little stimulant—gin.

The latter was the dying child left alone then her eyelids began to droop, gently, as if the fingers of some playing angel pressed them down, no motion of the hand being near to them. Her breath grew soft on her—sleep accompanied by happy dreams. Sleep from which the child would awake on her path, this life, and remained forever after the spell of the fairy had been broken on earth.

"I shall be with my mother!"

Sleep accompanied by happy dreams. Sleep from which the child would awake on her path, this life, and remained forever after the spell of the fairy had been broken on earth.

"I shall be with my mother!"

So imperceptibly did the change take place, that it would have been impossible for the most experienced eye to have marked the moment at which was unaccompanied either by a struggle or a sigh. The spirit quitted its earthly tenement, like the perfume of some delicate, half-closed flower uniformly plucked, or that unkind frosts had touched.

The weather, which had been dull and gloomy for the morning, increased, as the day advanced, to a gling sunbeam, such as will occasionally tores the winter months, and which, in the present case, penetrated into the chamber of death, and rested like a benediction on the pale features of the unconscious child.

Sleep, sleep, sweet one, and dream of heaven—for so imperceptibly did the change take place, that it would have been impossible for the most experienced eye to have marked the moment at which was unaccompanied either by a struggle or a sigh. The spirit quitted its earthly tenement, like the perfume of some delicate, half-closed flower uniformly plucked, or that unkind frosts had touched.

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"Lilly, do speak to me," exclaimed Mike, pretending to be very much alarmed. "She be mortal bad, I fear."

"She will never know what pain is again," observed the parish doctor, placing his fingers on her pulse. "She is dead, and must have been so the two hours. I told you from the first," he added, "it was impossible she could recover."

"Poor thing!" said the convict, trying to look very much grieved; "I didn't hurt her long, but I feel as if I had lost one of my own."

"What do you mean?" inquired the assistant; "Was she not your child?"

"Not a bit on it," answered the ruffian; "only my niece by marriage."

"And who are her parents?"

"Can't tell. A lady brought her to me, and promised me so much a week for her keep. I don't even know her name."

"I thought you called her Lilly."

"Yes, that's one of her names," answered Mike. "I wished I'd never a-taken her; but the money was an object, for I am a poor man. Don't you think I'd better go and tell the coroner?" he added, addressing himself to the surgeon, "you had better open her?"

The gentlemen regarded him very earnestly, and Miss Lillian could be no feeling for such an unusual request—persons of the speaker's class generally entertaining a wild and childish horror of such a thing, which they looked upon as an outrage offered to the dead.

"Do you wish it?" he demanded.

"Well, I rather like it."

"Why?"

"That there may be no mistake about what she died of, and that my moral character may be cleared with me's a bit too charitable about judging of its neighbors."

"I think that you have stated," replied the parish doctor, "I feel in my duty to make a post mortem examination. I will send the coroner, if there is a doubt of the result."

Miss did not exactly understand what a post mortem examination meant, but he concluded that his desire would be complied with.

He was duly sent for, made, and the result proved as the medical man expected—consumption of the lungs, produced by the disease of the bronchiable. A certificate to that effect was given, and Miss Lillian found himself *perfectly secure*. He could defy his brother and Lady Bentheyd.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MR. BROWNLEE'S VISITOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Brownlee felt comfortable. It was evening, and late in December. Outside the wind had a keen, searching edge, and the cold, sharp air of a man laden, had been wearing, since early morning, a shroud to the waiting year. Within, the grate fire sent out a bright but genial warmth, and the gas burned brilliantly, with mellow, and children played in happy unconsciousness of the cold and its suffering.

Mr. Brownlee was in his pleasant sitting-room. The walls of which were hung with pictures. The windows draped with curtains, and the floor carpeted with yielding Brussels. He sat by a centre table, on which were books and the latest number of the best monthlies.

Mr. Brownlee was accustomed to make a man feel comfortable, and Mr. Brownlee was entitled to feel so. For he was an honorable, upright, generous, active and successful merchant, a good citizen, a loving husband, and a wise and kinder parent.

"Wasn't that our bell?" Mr. Brownlee asked, looking up from the page of a book.

"I think so," answered Mrs. Brownlee, and both listened, as the waiter moved along the passage. A man's voice was heard.

"I wonder who's wonder," said Mr. Brownlee, "if that were Mr. Lewis?" There was a shade of dissatisfaction in his tones.

Mr. Lewis was the waiter, entering the sitting-room a few moments afterwards.

"Mr. Lewis, sir," said the waiter.

The waiter retired. Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee looked at each other; but no their wishes were present, neither made any remark. But it was understood between them that the visit of Mr. Lewis was unwelcome, and that it must be something more than an intrusion. They were feeling very comfortable, and the sight of a man who would bring cold, sleet, blasts and with the most agreeable surroundings; and the presence of any stranger, just at that time, could scarcely help being unwelcome.

"Good evening, Mr. Lewis!" Mr. Brownlee's voice was cheerful, but cold.

A man plainly, we might say coarsely, dressed, entered the room. His manner was that of one being polished; though his rather pale, care-worn face had in it many indications of a natural refinement.

"Good evening," he responded, giving an awkward bow. "I hope you excuse me," he now added, with a nod in turn to Mrs. Brownlee. And then he looked around and said to Mr. Brownlee, "I called on him, and drawing up to the grate, warmed himself.

"Henry storm, this," remarked Mr. Brownlee.

"Yes. The snow fell over a foot deep. But you are not surprised to know," said Mr. Lewis, and glanced around the pleasant room.

"Not at all surprised," inquired Mrs. Brownlee.

"Not exactly better, thank you, ma'am. I haven't been able to see her, but the nurse told me that she slept last night, and has less fever to-day. I feel very much encouraged. Oh, dear! If she only gets over it, I shall be so rejoiced!"

"Is your daughter very ill?" asked Mrs. Brownlee.

"Poor, ma'am; and the youngest is just about as dear to me as my own life. I should die if she—I mean! It was hard for her to be separate from her mother; but harder for the mother. I'm so in a way that I can't write to her. I called with the doctor to-day, and he says that he's no doubt will come out right."

"I hope so, indeed," said Mrs. Brownlee, kindly, "and we must trust it is best;" and Mr. Lewis looked all around the room again. "And you are so happy in having all your children around you. Home is a blessed thing, indeed even though poverty-Miss wasn't like this; but it was a happy home for all."

"Where are your children now?"

"Scattered all around among relations—poor things! Since my wife's sickness, it's taken all I had saved, and all I could earn, to get her doctor's ed. Oh, if they should leave me now! I shall be so happy."

We will hope for the best," said Mr. Brownlee.

"I always do that; but it's been hoping against hope for the last eight or nine months. The doctor'll hour, they tell us, is just before daylreak. So I comfort myself with thinking the morning is very near."

Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee were touched with the commonness and simple pathos of their visitor; a poor man from the country, who had brought his wife to one of the city hospitals to be cured, if possible, of a disease that for a time threatened her life. Mr. Brownlee had met him by accident, and from kindness of heart invited him to his house. Mr. Lewis had taken advantage of this invitation, to drop in here at three times a week, and enjoy the home comforts, and the books and periodicals he found in Mr. Brownlee's pleasant sitting-room. He was not always an entirely welcome guest; and well, he was a decent, respectable, intelligent with the children, and manifested as much enjoyment in the books and magazines he found upon the center table, that his host felt willing to lend them. He could feel anything but kindness towards their unpretending visitor.

On the present occasion, Mr. Lewis, after warming himself by the grate, talking for a time in his own peculiar way, occupied himself with the children, took up a book, and was soon buried in its pages. Time went gliding by as swift wings, and Mr. Lewis took no note of his flight. Nine o'clock came, and the little children was put to bed, but he went on turning the pages of the book in which he had become interested, wholly unconscious that the long evening had passed so fast. Half past nine found him still buried in its pages.

Mrs. Brownlee, who had, for a time, felt pleasure in the poor man's enjoyment of his comfortable home, began to grow impatient. She said to her husband:

"I like to be hospitable," he said to himself, "but this is carrying the joke a little too far."

Ten o'clock was struck, as last by the handsome French clock on the mantel-piece, but Mr. Lewis did not heed the warning.

"This is a very interesting book," he said, absent ly, and without looking up from the page. Brownlee, his mild face beaming with true enjoyment. "How pleasant it is here," he added, and then his eyes left the book, and he looked around on the kind friend them.

Mr. Brownlee's heart softened towards the poor man, and yet he could not overcome a feeling of annoyance at his unseasonable visit. He looked at his wife, and his wife looked at him—then they glanced mutually and meaningly of Mr. Lewis. The latter observed this, for Mr. Brownlee turned, rather loudly, in concert. But their guest was wholly unconscious. The fascination of the page was complete. Next Mr. Brownlee got up, and commenced poking the fire. But he was no lighter to sit still. He looked at the clock, the minute hand of which was now almost at thirty, looked at Mrs. Lewis, hoping to catch her eye, but she forgot eye—then walked on more rapidly than before. At last impatience burst forth.

"Mr. Lewis," said he, "do you know how late it is?" Now, Mr. Brownlee thought to talk with some gentleness; but his real feelings came more fully into his voice than he was aware. It was heard from the farthest end of the apartment over the face of Mr. Lewis, as he closed the book and laid it down upon the table, that he concluded. His eyes glanced from the countenance of Mr. Brownlee to the clock on the mantel.

"Half past ten?" he said, in surprise. "I didn't dream of its being so late. Time passes very pleasantly here, I think, than in some other places. Good evening, sir! Good evening, Mrs. Brownlee, and many children at home so long as I live. I should not have staid so late. But a such and this pleasant room have made me forget myself. At the cheap tavern where I am staying, there is no place to sit down in but the bar; and the bar-room is filled with noisy men, who will walk the streets half of the evening, sometimes, and indulge in vulgar and boisterous swearing. Oh! Good evening, ma'am."

And Mr. Lewis turned away, and went forth into the blinding storm, to walk nearly half a mile before gaining his dreary lodging-place.

"Poor man!" said Mrs. Brownlee, as the voice of Mrs. Brownlee.

"And yet," said Mr. Brownlee, speaking in answer to the words of Mr. Lewis, rather than to those of his wife, "I am not sure that any of my home-comforts; and suffered a weak, selfish annoyance, while he was drinking in pleasure at every source in which it was to be found."

Mrs. Brownlee glanced towards the window, against which could be seen the driving storm of winter rain. "And I have cast this poor man forth to meet its pitiless pelting. I am ashamed of myself. I am little more patience, a little more consideration, a little more unselfish pleasure in sharing my happiness with others, and my own would be spirit is lighter, and mine also. Kindness, humanity, love to our fellow-men, ever bear a double blessing, the want of them as surely lays upon hearts a double curse. Poor Mr. Lewis! I am conscious of this than I am to-night. I will try not to forget the lesson. The lighting of another's candle at ours should never dim the brightness of our own. I intend mine to-night."

DID SHE BETTER HERSELF?

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Aye, did she? that's the question. She derided and jeered as she became I was older, and she, not I, was growing up for all the world like jumping so hastily out of it?

She wasn't going to be an old maid, she said, not she; and lest there might not offer another opportunity soon enough to save her from "the first chance" that came, she would be off.

Poor thing! her glory soon became dim; for she was not married that year; her very first experience as with that she could not hide it. The pig taken no pains to disguise his sentiments, he gets the full benefit of it. To be sure, Kitty don't have to come to the step-my more, and don't have to be poked about with a broomstick; nevertheless, and she will never again have to dread coming to the table because she hasn't washed her face, and she darn hardly turn herself round without the leave of her husband's mother, but then she don't have a cent of money to spend; she never can go to visit her friends, or have them come to see her. As for her husband, he is a very kind fellow enough, and don't begin to get so much of them as she had when she was a single girl; for all us girls used to say, that sooner animal don't know how to love, and that it is he should take it to his heart for her, it would be as bakes always put their kittens, by brushing them the wrong way and licking them the right. Not that her husband gentlemen or gymnastic by any means, but he is a good deal in the way of love and warm, and he is very kind and warm, and he is very kind and warm, and he is very kind

OUR COMMON LOT.

BY W. E. PARK.

It must be so, oh! mortal; oh! think it ever well;
Each heart must pass the portal where Death shall unfold.
And one shall say, "he passed away," as sleep the sad shall tell.

The heart that has been gladdest, its gladness must lay down;
The heart that may be saddest, must lay aside grief's crown.
And all that souls must rest on overlie the sands that grave them.

The pain has told its misery; the record is satisfied;
The world has many sorrows and fresh hath broadcast powers;
And oh! one long sense wailing may only mar our vast-inbred hours.

Then let us learn the lessons that daily meet our eyes;
With all our proud possessions, we'll not be rich or wise
Unless our hearts hold some part of Promise for the skies.

If we have this, oh mortal! for us, then, all is well;
And when we pass the portal, when death into wakes,
Then men shall say, "he passed away, is blessed where he dwells."

THE MURDERERS FOILED.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

On the main road between Hartford and New Haven, during the early settlement of Connecticut, upon the side of a hill, a little distance back from the road, was a pleasant home in front, there stood a neat-looking farm-house, owned and tenanted by a widow and her daughter, a girl about sixteen years of age. This widow, Mr. Spencer, was the mother of two children—the one already referred to, and a direction son, some three or four and a twenty years of age—who, having squandered the portion left him by his father, had quarreled with his mother some months anterior to the date of our story, because she would not supply him with means to continue his reveling and extravagances, and so had cruelly deserted her, since when she had heard nothing of him.

One evening, in the fall of the year, just as the widow and her daughter were about retiring for the night, they were somewhat surprised to hear a gentle tap on the door. Supposing it to be a neighbor, the nearest one of which was about half a mile distant, Mrs. Spencer, without any previous misgiving, proceeded to open the door, but was surprised, and not a little startled, on perceiving two men, both of ruffianly appearance, and partially and rather roughly dressed, standing before her.

"Madam," said one, bowing politely, with a dignified air, and using language more refined than would seem to befit an obscure appearance, "we are travelers, passing through the country, and, being somewhat fatigued, have called to ask if it would be agreeable to you to allow us to spend the night beneath your roof?"

"I am not accustomed to harboring strangers," replied Mrs. Spencer, hesitatingly.—"From what part of the country do you come?"

"From New Haven," replied the first speaker.

"How far shall you travel before you gain the road to-day?" inquired the lady.

It is some fifteen miles back to our last stopping-place," said the other, rather evasively.

"Then," rejoined the widow, "you have a somewhat strange you did not stop at the village inn, which you have passed about five miles back."

"For certain reasons," replied the spokesman of the two travelers, "we did not care to stop there. It was our original intention to have continued on some fifteen miles further; but my companion here, whose health is rather delicate, complained so much during the last two or three miles, that I have thought it best to defer our journey, resuming till to-morrow, provided we can find a convenient place of shelter for the night."

The widow scrutinized the two men closely, by the light which she held in her hand, and seemed to hesitate about the propriety of inviting them to enter her dwelling.

"I do not wish to appear inhospitable," she said; "but to tell you the truth, I am almost alone—being myself a widow, with my only son away, and my only daughter here for a further journey."

"I am very weak and very much fatigued," now spoke the other, in a feeble voice; "and if you can see proper to permit us to lodge here for the night, we will not trouble you about our meals, provide you satisfactorily, and trust the Lord will do likewise. If we were to return to the inn we have passed, we should be compelled to go just so many miles out of our way; and if we were to continue onward, our road would be a lonely one before we could reach a place of entertainment—and I am not aware that I almost fear to attempt it."

After some further conversation, and much hesitation on the part of Mrs. Spencer, she with apparent reluctance consented to entertain them for the night.

She accordingly invited them in, and proceeded to set before them a cold collation—of which they partook with many expressions of thankfulness, saying grace both before and after the meal—all of which tended to relieve the widow of her previous suspicions and fears. The meal being finished, the hostess lighted her guests to a neat little sleeping-apartment on the first floor, bade them good night, and then with her daughter retired to her own, the door of both apartments on the main sitting-room.

It was perhaps an hour or two past midnight, when the elder and more feeble of the travelers, being in a kind of somnolent state, between sleeping and waking, heard a noise at the outer door as if work upon the fastenings of the shutters of the window which opened into the principal apartment of the dwelling.

As the suspicions will, when in that peculiar state, be heard the noise for several minutes before it roused him to a consciousness of anything being wrong. Then, but he might be deceived, he almost lively listened a short time longer, until he felt certain that he not only heard the peculiar sounds of boring and prying, but voices as of two or more exchanging words in low, guarded tones. Then touching his companion, who generally slept very lightly, he whispered:

"Gerrard, I fear there is something wrong here."

"How? what?" returned the other, starting up in bed. "Are we known, do you think? are we pursued?"

"Hush! listen!" said the elder. "Do you not hear a noise, as of some one trying to enter the house?"

"I do," said the other, taking hold of his companion's arm with a nervous grip. "Can it be that the officers have traced us hither? and are they thus seeking to enter quietly, in order to take us unawares?"

"More likely house-breakers," returned the first speaker. "It seems a little curious, though," he added, reflectively, "that they should make their attempt on this particular night; and I think it as well for us to be upon our guard."

"Most surely—in either case," rejoined the one addressed as gerrard, speaking in the lowest possible whisper. "If they are burglars, Providence may have sent us hither to protect the widow and her and if they are seeking us, they certainly shall not take us alive! Death—here—quick and sudden will be a thousand times preferable to being taken back to England, and perishing ignominiously upon the scaffold, amid the shouts and jeers of the parasites of the son of him whom we judged. Do you remain quietly here, while I step out and reconnoiter."

"You had better take your arms with you, general."

"I will take my stout walking-stick, which, in my hands, you know, is a very formidable weapon," returned the general; "and meantime do you reprime our pistols, and get our knives ready for a dernier resort. I will not take life unless of necessity to save it; I would take beauty unstained give up my own, sooner than be taken and chained like a common felon, and allow the chocolate son of an unrighteous father to glory in my public execution."

"Saying this in a quavered whisper, the younger of the two travelers—himself a man of middle age, of venerable aspect, but still strong and active—glided cautiously forth into the larger apartment, stealthily approached the window whence the sounds were heard, and beat his head close, to catch, if possible, some words of them—without, in order to form an idea of their real design; for he burglariously seeking an entrance.

For some time the prying, chiseling, and prying sounds continued, without a word being spoken; and then the voice of a female was heard to say, in tones, apparently addressing his only companion:

"There, Jim, I think I can open the ball now."

"Try it carefully," returned the other voice; "and don't, for heaven's sake, make the least noise! for though in my vessel we are accustomed to such our work sure, it may save us a good deal of trouble to be silent now."

"I understand," replied the first speaker; and then the grating sound of the bolt being cautiously worked back.

The next minute the heavy window-shutters were as cautiously opened; and the moon, shining through the glass, the traveler could faintly perceive by the dim light that it revealed the two figures, standing close by the window.

"Now, Jim, I think I can open the ball now," said the female figure; "but you should hardly be prepared to find me really all, I can only manage them without the assistance of your companion. Can they really be seeking us, as their words would seem to imply? Is it possible that so—for I can hardly suppose that any two who would be foolish. The very thought must mean the others—the widow and her daughter—in which case they are probably contemplating rape and murderers. Ha! I shall soon know!" he mentally pursued, as he stealthily glided back to his own apartment, and, as if in search of the means of raising the window?

He then quietly and silently the window was lifted; and then our traveler could see a dark hand thrust into the aperture, and feel along the side to side, as if the owner were gaudefully reconciliating the premises previous to his entrance.

"All right, Jim," he heard a voice say; "just give me a lift, Jim, and then I will help you."

"Hist!" said the other, in a cautious tone in further; and the next moment was followed by the whole body, himself as before mentioned, the first figure gave his hand to his companion, and almost the next moment stood within the room.

Some low whispering now followed, which the traveler, who had glided into his own room, and shut the door after him, could not understand; but not grasping his heavy walking-stick, tightly and resolutely, he kept his ear to the crevice, and heard the two intruders, till he was one knew the other and advance toward his door. Then he sprang back a pace, and raising his bludgeon for a crushing blow, he quietly awaited his approach.

But the burglar ventured to push open that door, that moment would have been his last; but just before he reached it, he turned aside into the one occupied by the females, and bent his head down to them.

"All right!" the two travelers now heard him whisper to his companion; "you can shine the light, Jim."

Almost the next moment the room was partially lighted by the gleam of a dark lantern, and by this light the travelers made the discovery that the two men had both entered, Gerrard saw that he who held the lantern, after throwing the light cautiously around the apartment, came forward to his companion, the latter whispered:

"Give me the glim, Jon—and be ready with your knife—for, by the powers, I believe that I see you can rush in and do your work. And mind you don't make a noise, or you will bring us all here."

"I think you ought to have a hand in it too, Jim," returned the other.

"Pshaw! do as you are told—and before I alter my mind, or you will get into trouble. Do you think I could look upon does and the like of you? Away with you, and do your feeling whatever. It is bad enough that I am here to sanction the deed."

"Well, then," replied Jon, "just you open the door, and hold the light so that I can see, and I'll soon show you how to do the business—and a good thing."

What a word of this conversation was lost upon our traveler, who stood near the midnight assassins, waiting for the moment when they were to enter in the very act; and just as the one addressed as Jim was about to perform his part—and the other, knife in hand, was preparing to spring forward and do the bloody deed—he darted out suddenly, and, almost ignorant of his own might, felled him to the floor with his bludgeon, and then, with quick precision and force as to lay them senseless upon the floor.

The noise of the blows and falls alarmed the sleeping hostess, and starting up with a frightened cry, she threw open the door, and beholding the traveler with his bludgeon in his hand, and supposing he intended to murder her, she shrieked, and would have fallen, had he not caught her with his strong arm.

"Madam," he said, in a gentle tone, "be not alarmed—the danger is over. I have, unarmed, as he drew quickly back, lest he should knock at the door, and if there was really all, I can easily manage them without the assistance of your companion. Can they really be seeking us, as their words would seem to imply? Is it possible that so—for I can hardly suppose that any two who would be foolish. The very thought must mean the others—the widow and her daughter—in which case they are probably contemplating rape and murderers. Ha! I shall soon know!" he mentally pursued, as he stealthily glided back to his own apartment, and, if possible, more cautiously than before, he raised the window, and thrust his head out, and then, with a quick spring, he leaped to the ground, and, with his bludgeon in hand, he darted around the corner of the house, and, as he had expected, he found the horses of the two villains tied to the fence, and the wheels of their vehicle, which was a light wagon, standing near.

Without a moment's hesitation, he cut the halters with his knife, and then, with a loud shout, he struck the horses a heavy blow with his bludgeon, and they started off at a furious gallop, and, as he had expected, they took the road toward the village.

Then, and not till then, he returned to the house, and found the widow and her daughter in the outer room, where they had been joined by the traveler, Gerrard, who had entered by the window, and who was now engaged in binding the wounds of the villains, who were both found to be dead, and the other, who showed signs of life, seriously, if not fatally, wounded. Arguing from the fact of their having been blackened, that they might be persons known to the widow—perhaps neighbors, who had thus disguised themselves, in order to be better able to perform their deed—he set up the living one, placed him upon a large table, and, calling for water, proceeded to wash the blood and coloring from his face.

What was the surprise of Mrs. Spencer, who stood looking on in horror, suddenly uttered a wild shriek, and exclaiming, "Oh, my God! my God! my son, my son!" sank senseless upon the floor.

The will, fearful scene which followed, we need not describe. Knowing it was no longer a place for murderers, the wife flying for their lives, our travelers dressed themselves in haste, despatched the girl to the nearest neighbors for assistance, and, placing the poor mother carefully in bed, took a hurried departure, and fled swiftly across the fields, deeply regretting that their own safety compelled them to this course.

We will give the sequel in a few words. That ungodly son, who, to gain possession of his mother's property, so fiendishly conspired against her life, sufficiently recovered to learn the fate of his companion, confess his own guilt, beg his mother's forgiveness, and die a Christian death—a death wrought for the unnatural crime of a parricide, which he was in heart, if not in deed.

But who were those who so providentially came to so meritoriously interpose to screen the guilty and the innocent—and then so suddenly and mysteriously disappeared? None who were present at the time knew who they were, wherein they came, or whither they went; but the widow and her daughter became them as angels in disguise, sent by the Lord for the salvation of their lives and property.

But no! they were human beings—beings having many of the frailties of mortality—men who had fled from persecution in their native land—generals who had been victorious on many a bloody battle-field, under the Lord Protectorate of Cromwell—judges whom voices had been heard to say, in the hearing of the Merry Monarch, Charles, to the scaffold—in short, the far-famed regicides Goffe and Whalley, who were then fugitives from the officers of Charles II., who were on their mysterious abode which, for two years, proved their only safe asylum.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE;

OR,

PASSAGES OF WESTERN EXPERIENCE.

BY MARY C. VANCHAN.

CHAPTER I.

Amy Roberts and her lover sat together, on a summer afternoon, engaged in conversation apparently of the most interesting interest. There was a slight cloud on Amy's fair, low brow, and her lip curled with a contemptuous pout, as she spoke of the decline of great importance.

But Hal Lincoln was unwilling to bar that an opportunity of entering upon the practice of his profession, for which he had been studying for years, was offered to him. That the prospects held out were far more flattering than say he could perceive in the village where he resided, he remarked to his fair one, where he was but the junior partner of an old and well-established practitioner, who was growing old all the drudgery, he had little either of credit or profit.

If she would but go with him, he had said, he should soon be established in a commodious house and office which had been made him. He knew that he was asking of her a great sacrifice, many sacrifices, but he felt sure that he was about to make one, and based on both, and their engagement had already been so long as it was, he could not consent to be "sickness of hope deferred."

Amy knew that she would have many privileges to encounter; on the other, she would be of considerable service to him, not only as the consolation in every trial, but in a business point of view, for she had been educated in the best style of action much more readily if he is married. He would be go alone, and desirous that he should succeed and leave her to decide the question without bias from him. Her own happiness, after all, was the chief thing to be considered, and if she thought it best, he would go and make a home for her before he left, and her family could follow him whenever he or their youth.

She had said all this, and in silence awaited her answer.

He had not long to wait. The cloud gradually cleared from Amy's brow, and when she raised her eyes to meet his, Dr. Linton read consent to his wishes in the look of love that met his own glance. It, in that sweet, trustful glance. She bid her heart in his, and he felt that it was a treasure not to be rated a firm, unalterable decision.

"I will go with you, Ralph; it is not only my duty, but my privilege. It will be hard in leave them all here at home," and here her tones grew low and tremulous, "but you will be all right to go with you. You could not do without me, could you, Ralph? I am necessary to you, are you go alone?"

"Certainly, not without a struggle," answered Dr. Linton, as he kissed her blushing cheek, and thanked her fondly for making him so happy. "But, my dear mother and sister, how will they, will they look upon this project?"

"I will write and I hope they will not to go with you, for your own sake, and for my own, since in prudence by means of pledging them to leave their fortunes, and not to shrink from the strife of the early struggling years of your profession. My other duty is to secure my property, which will be her loving heart will tell her that you ought not to go alone, and that I am necessary to you and to be your wife. Both will grieve much at this first step of our family circle, but they will see in time that I must follow my destiny, and will place no obstacles in the way."

"You are right. It cost her parents a severe struggle to part with her, but they know that she was happy in her choice, and, with entire trust in Dr. Linton, they gave him their child, and saw her depart away from them, to remain absent for the years of her life had been spent.

As for Ralph and Amy they were more than content with the lovely lane around after to share together the vicissitudes, the cares and the joys of life. Loved and trusting, they were one, hand in hand, to meet their unknown Future.

A few extracts from Amy's letters, written at long intervals during the years that followed, will show how these young adventurers fared in their new home.

"We have been here just three weeks," wrote Amy, "and I am beginning to feel quite settled in my new house. We were one week at the hotel, a great, white building, more than half of which is a wide piano, on which a number of men are always seated smoking, spitting, betting and telling stories. Apparently, they vie with each other in these accomplishments. At any rate, the man who tells the most marvellous tale of border vicissitudes and 'back-woods' escapes; it is evidently the chief center of attraction.

"At this hotel the landlady was maid-of-all-work as well as hostess. She cooked the meals, made the beds, scrubbed the floors, and, as the kitchen was the only sitting-room, I was, quite unwillingly by, made an observer of her multifarious avocations. She even attended to the hot drinking of Dr. Linton and her husband!

"We had our lodging in the second story of the house, which was subdivided and without partitions, is only one huge loft. A screen of blankets hung across the corner from the other occupants of the extensive dormitory.

"I was very glad, you may well be assured, to find myself at last in my own house. After my week's experience at the hotel, it seemed a blessed refuge, it was a perfect palace! And yet it is only a small log house, which contained but one room, until Dr. Linton built on the rough floor, and at once, in aid of his professional dignity, nailed up a partition of boards, and thus divided my palace. Here, my dining-room, and bed-room, (all in one,) from his office.

"I have draped the walls of this room with the pretty chintz which Aunt Mary gave me, have filled it with the beautiful engravings which my Uncle Lee's parting gift, my piano stands on one side, and my writing-desk over this, filled with literary, and my own five bit choice books, are arranged in a pretty set of swinging shelves, that have been manufactured by our jolly ingenuity. There are white muslin curtains at the windows, a pretty carpet on the rough floor, and at most times our little table, with its snowy cloth and two covers, is spread temptingly for a meal.

"And I get on famously in the kitchen, thanks to Aunt Hannah's teachings. So far I have done everything very well, save the washing. Ralph tried, but quite in vain, to find some one to assist me in that. I was forced to do it myself.

"I got some soap of Mrs. Gage, at the hotel. She is a kind, motherly lady, and when I first complained her mending, staff, after half-an-hour's talking to me, I fell the intolerable weariness of my hands. The soap was full of lye, and when Ralph came home he found me suffering agonies with pain and swelling, accordingly hands which he was obliged to bandage up with emollients. He said, laughingly, that he thought himself in danger among his first patients one in his own house.

"But our neighbor Dan's daughters came and finished my washing, when she heard about the condition of my hands. Poor girl! though she was without shoes, and very unlikely also, as her father is one of the hunters of the hotel stoop, and does little, if any, work on the farm, she would receive nothing for her services. However, I will never be returned," my self-reproach and unwillingness to be paid for his kindness, by harrowing, and, I shrewdly suspect that the borrowed money will never be returned."

After a few more months, Amy wrote thus:

"We have been blessed with the little infant of consolation. New settlers are arriving constantly, and Ralph's practice is being built, and rumored houses are going up all around us. As yet we find no congenial society, but, as our time is entirely occupied with our baby, we have only little leisure for our mutually delightful companionship, we do not regret it.

"Our neighbors, the Deans, still resort to me for their more than intangible articles. They are becoming exceedingly troublesome, but for Ralph's sake I bear with them patiently. He has kindly to say that he should have the good will and consideration of the most ignorant of those who surround us. But thus far, in spite of all the toil and privation I have encountered, I find them my happiest days.

"Just as I write in comes Mattie, striding over the threshold, as she didn't dare cross Mrs. Linton's, as if I were not aware of that unpleasant fact. Mattie her dirty sun-bonnet on my second chair, and then sitting down by the piano, commences making horrible discord on the unoffending keys. After a little, as I keep on writing, and pay no attention to her, she gets up and comes looking over my shoulder. I am forced to desist from my write, and is very proud of the knowledge, as she can read writing—writing at any rate, I know from the remark, 'Writing to your mother, hey, Mrs. Linton? I should think it would cost you a heap for postage on all them letters you have to send off.'

Then, unheeding my glance of anger and surprise, she adds, with an unconsciousness of giving offense, 'I have heard the story of Ralph's courting. Our Sally is going to the ball to-night, to-morrow, and mother told me I might get your hair-brush and comb, as it is to go her own.'

"Now as the said Sally rejoices in a shock of coarse, wiry, red hair, which, for some unknown reason, she keeps always saturated with bear's grease, that sends forth an odor by no means so pleasant as that of the rose or violet, I think I was fully justified in refusing to let Martha 'get' my brush and comb. Whereat that young lady departed in high dudgeon.

"Ralph has just been in, and seeing me disconsolate, teased the story of Martha's visit, and I sought at borrowing from me. And he says, 'Give her what she wants, Amy, and let her go.' And so I set at the store this afternoon.' But, as these articles were part of my initial outfit, I retort upon him that he must now furnish me with some fair lady Dean, perhaps it would be quite as well to send for the articles from the village store."

Some years after Amy wrote thus, at the close of a letter to her mother:

"Ralph is safe, at last, mother. For weeks, even since that terrible fever, which has almost destroyed his family, and left me a widow and the little babies in almost sleepless anxiety. Never, till then, could I known how my good and noble husband has been, during these toilsome years, traitorously used by the affection of his good nature. How kindly people, among whom our lot has been cast. But in this day of bitter trial we have reaped the harvest of the seed we have sown.

"How she could have borne all!" First, Ralph came home, deadly pale and ill, from our neighbor Dean's dying bed. The whole family, save the father, were down with the prevailing fever, and spent much time with them. I think he took the fever there, but that does not matter, as I see now that we should have escaped either to or from the fever, he expected.

"On the third day of his illness Little Alice was attacked. Till then Ralph had retained his reason, but he had exhausted all his strength in his attentions, what was necessary to be done for the child, when he became delirious. All night I wheeled between the bed and the crib, where lay the two darling objects of my care. In the morning, then of my neighbors who heard of the sickness of the 'Doctor' and our little girl, and who were well, or could be spared by the sick in their own homes, flocked in with offers of assistance.

"All my work in the kitchen has been already accomplished, by willing hands, and kind women have, more than once, relieved my weary vigil and allowed me to catch the brief slumber that alone kept me from utter exhaustion.

"Now, thanks be to God, both husband and child are rapidly convalescing. My heart overflows with gratitude to Him who has brought them safely through this fearful illness, and only less to those kind neighbors, who have been to me instead of kindred and familiar friends in this day of trial. Ralph's practice will be greatly increased by our unremitting manners. Their true worth is better far than any superficial points of education or conventionalities."

Again Amy wrote:

"The new railroad has made our little city suddenly a great emporium. We are no longer isolated and remote from the great world. We are near markets, and find sale for our commodities. We are growing rich, and take on airs."

"Our pretty cottage, the very prettiest house in town when we first occupied it, and still is, in my estimation, is now overshadowed by the pretentious brick dwellings that are fast lining our thoroughfares. City modes of building have been imported with city manners. Brown stone fronts, with very gilded areas, very showy plate-glass, and carved doors, stand where, on my first arrival here, stood log cabins amidst green fields where cows now graze, and where, in the summer twilight, but not more magical than that which is being wrought around me, I first greeted my husband, West. Ralph dwarf in the general prosperity, and is fast becoming rich, and a man, as I am glad to tell you, because he is not at all spoiled, but is the same dear, excellent Ralph, to whom you gave your girl about seven years ago."

Five years later Amy wrote again in this wise, and with a little more than the close and calmness of

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CHAPTER II.

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Five years later Amy wrote again in this wise, and with a little more than the close and calmness of experience:

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

WHITHER.

BY ALICE CARY.

All the time my soul is calling,
Whither, whither do I go?
For my days like leaves are falling
From my tree of life below.

Who will come and be my lover?
Who is strong enough to win me,
Now that I am leaning over
The last summer of the year?

Who will hope to entertain
With a smile that cheers the pain—
Ashes on the hearth of fire?
Who will long to see me stay?

Wherefore should not I be willing,
O Whither, whither do I go?
For my days like leaves are falling
In the hand of God, I know!

As the seasons touch their coming,
As the tint runs fair and fine,
Let me rather still be waiting
Some good deed to plead for me.

Thus, though none should stay to woo me,
Know this, within the shade,
He will hold me, He will keep me,
And I will not be afraid.

Even that down into the grave,
Where the dead are laid away,
Where the sun never shines, because
It has a too within a floor.

A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

While shipping in Florence, at the Casa del Bello, my companion and pallet-mate was James L. Grover, an American painter of some note, whom I had known well in the field of art-study. It was on Sunday evening, and on the following day I was to start for Bologna. Grover and myself sat upon one of the balconies of our chamber, engaged in reverential ease over our cigars, and after we had talked awhile of the various things that we had seen during the day, he asked me if he had ever told me of his adventure upon the Apennines. I told him I had never heard it.

"Then I must tell it to you," he said, throwing away his cigar and taking a sip of wine.

I lighted a fresh cigar, and he related to me as follows:—

"Four years ago this summer my brother and two sisters visited me here in Florence. They spent two weeks with me, and then started for Venice, by the way of Bologna, taking with them friends whom they were anxious to see. I should have gone with them had I not been engaged upon a work which I had promised to have finished within a given time; but, as it was, we made the thing work very well, for my brother arranged to meet me in Venice when I got ready to start thither. My brother left me the necessary document for the obtaining of the money, and in due time set out.

"On the very next day I was taken sick, and was confined to my bed a week, but I got out and finished my work, and as the mail arrived from Venice with the money. He delivered it into my hands upon the production of brother's written instructions; and I set out the next Monday as the day on which I should start. I was still rather ill to undertake such a journey, but I could not miss seeing my sisters once more before they returned home; I could have acted the manly part and staid, but I had promised myself too much pleasure with my dear relatives in Venice to miss it now.

"Monday morning came, and I could not arise from my bed without assistance. A sort of nervous gibe affection had seized all my nerves, and I was forced to stay in doors, and resort to hot baths and medicine. On the following morning I felt able to start, and I did so. Upon reaching Pistoja I learned that there was no diligence to leave that for the next day. I could not stand this. I was already behind my time, and the thing could be accomplished. I must go on. There was a diligence under the shed, but no one to drive it. 'But can't you see one?' said I, 'and I'll agree with you pay' was the hearty reply. Of course I would pay; and I made the man promise me a speedy settling yet I did not hesitate. The lumbering vehicle was dragged out from its resting-place, the horses were attached, and then a yoke of stout oxen hitched on ahead of them. Two rough-looking fellows were provided, as a extra assistance to the driver, in order to drive the oxen. This provided, I took my seat, and the diligence started.

"We were to cross the Appenines by the Pass of La Collina, and had just begun to ascend the rugged mountain path when I heard a loud halloing behind, and in a moment the diligence stopped.

"'What's the matter?' I asked, poking my head out through the window by my side.

"'Two men want to ride,' returned the vetturino.

"'But I have hired the diligence, and am in a hurry; so drive on. If they wish to ride they must wait until the next day.'

"But the driver was not to be governed thus. 'I can't make a bit of difference to you,' said he. 'We'll go just as fast, and, besides, they'll pay us something.'

"By this time the cause of all the trouble was approximate in the shape of two dark-visaged, black-bearded Italians, who looked fully ripe enough for the incantation of Murder. I recognized one of them as a fellow whom I had seen hanging around the hotel at Florence, and the other I was sure I had seen among a glimpse of just as the diligence left the yard at Pistoja.

"I was upon the point of speaking when the thought came to me that I might better keep my knowledge of the Italian language to myself. I might find the character of the fellows thus; I knew very well that further remonstrance would be useless, for the drivers were stupidly bigoted, and the new applicants were ready and men to be argued with. The door was opened, and the fellows knew I accepted the hard cash, and they took the seat at the other end, facing themselves so as to face me. They looked at me out of wicked eyes, and as they leaned back their short cloaks I saw that they were well armed.

"'Hope we don't trouble you,' said one of them, in coarse Italian, as the diligence started on.

"'I guess I ought likely to be here, but made no reply.

"He repeated the remark.

"'I comprehended, signor,' I said, shaking my head.

"'Ah—English,' he suggested, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"'No. American,' I told him.

"'Ugh,' he grunted, with another shrug of his broad, massive shoulders, and an awful scowl of his face.

We had now begun to ascend the mountain in good earnest, and our pace was slow and lumbering. The fellow who drove the oxen made noise enough for an army, while the blows upon both oxen and horses fell hard and thick, but without accomplishing anything. Had I been alone I might have enjoyed the magnificent scenery which unfolded itself before us as we crept up the Galleria; but as it was I could not think of anything save the two men who had forced themselves upon me. Pretty soon one of them spoke, and, though I appeared not to notice them, yet I could see that they were watching me closely.

"'Death and destruction!' he uttered, in his own tongue, 'we shall lose the principle if that drunken driver is not careful.'

"'I tell the fellow's purpose in a moment, and not a movement betrayed my understanding of what he had said. My eyes were half closed, and, to all appearance, I was unconscious even of their presence.

"'Devil-right. He don't understand us,' said one of them.

"'All safe,' returned the other.

"After this they conversed together quite freely, and I was not long in having my worst fears realized. But not a muscle betrayed the fact that I understood their every word.

"'Now, then, Marco! A return is coming!'

"The rubber turned, and in a moment more a heavy vetture, with four horses attached, came around the bluff full upon us. I started to my feet, and saw my brother looking from the open window!

"'Help! Robbers!' I shouted, with all my might.

"The bandit had taken aim at the vetturino of the new team, but he was too late. The driver had seen the danger, and the truth in a moment, and with a sure aim, and a quick one, too, he shot the villain through the head.

"We secured my two drivers and them matters were quickly explained. I told my brother all that had happened, and he then told me that he had heard of my sickness, and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been sick at Bologna, so they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude was, and how fervently we blessed God for that fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to fill me up from the soul I had suffered, and I felt better than I had before felt for weeks.

"And now, what should we do next? Should we let the two rascally drivers go, and turn about for Bologna?

"'No,' said my brother. 'Our sisters won't expect us for three days, so we'll carry these villains back and give them up, and to-morrow we'll go over in my vetture.'

"We tumbled the two dead bodies into the diligence, and then bound the two drivers hand and foot, and tumbled them in after. The oxen were cast adrift, and my brother's vetturino mounted and started the heavy team back, while we accompanied the retinue of the villains homeward.

"The drive down the mountain was quickly performed, and the city of Pistoja was reached without mishap. The two dead men were recognized as old offenders at once, and my testimony very quickly settled the business of the two drivers. On the next night we were in Bologna, where my sisters received me with open arms, and two days' festivities we were all in Venice.

"So much for my trip across the Appenines. And let me say to you that you have ever an occasion to hire a special diligence, with strange drivers, to ride over the mountains of Italy, be sure that you are well armed, and have a trusty friend with you if possible."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Age.—At the back numbers of the Ledger, from June 7th, 1856, we will send you one, or more, to test if our offer is acceptable to the single copy.

Lucy Stanton.—The surname Stanton may be a "young lady" that she boards in a family where there is a young lady of the same, with whom she has been on the most friendly terms; that the husband constituting one half of this friendship, and the wife the other, that to think to send her to the door of his wife, and often lays his head in her poor unprotected lap, of an evening, while the wife is in the room, but that of this the wife does not seem to like her so well as she does the husband, and that the husband does not like the wife so well as he does the young lady, "who can't imagine?" One correspondent is of the opinion that the case is a very much one-sided affair. In the first place, she exhibits a lack of delicacy in permitting with any acquaintance—"to sit on his knee" as she did on an evening, while his wife is present!—or, for that matter, at any other time. Then, she is not to be blamed for permitting must be a vulgar, ill-bred vagabond, and a woman of no principle, to do so. But, then, the husband must be quite lacking in kindness and consideration for the wife who has left home, friends, and everything dear to her, to cast in her lot with his, to permit himself to be enticed away from her side while his wife is present, or while she is absent, the use of the husband, the wife would be justified in saying that it is not to be expected that this entire effect of such highly reprehensible conduct will not be somewhat marred.

Isaac.—You counsel the matter excellently well. As for the "young lady" you speak of, we have nothing to say in favor of the word notice," we hardly know what to say. You have a right to use your own discretion in the matter. You wrote to, you do not take a sufficiently extended view of the matter. You should have written to both of the parties, as an acceptance. The primary meaning of virtue is strength, and the secondary meaning is moral purity. Your question will bring to the question to which it is applied, as a single question. Therefore, we do not see how we can answer it. Circumstances change, and in a few minutes everything may be done over! Still I felt for my pistol, and had it ready.

"Presently the diligence stopped at the foot of an abrupt rise, and the fellow who drove the oxen came back and told me that it would be best for me to walk up. They stopped sat at once, and in a moment more I heard a pistol shot. The driver was just in time to see both the drivers bolted together by the arms, back-to-back. They must have been already placed for the purpose, for the work had been done with incredible quickness. I drew my pistol from my pocket, and my hand was on my mouth, but the intense excitement rendered me strong for the while.

"In a few seconds one of the villains came and pulled the muzzle of a huge pistol into my face.

"'*Gia!* *Gia!*' he said. 'Give me your money, or I'll shoot you!'

"It was but the work of a second to knock his weapon down with my left hand, and with my right I brought up my own pistol and fired. The ball entered between his eyes, and he reeled back and fell. Then I leaped after him, for I saw his companion coming up upon the other side, I hoped to grab the pistol before the man who could do so, the heavy hand of the living bandit was upon my shoulder, and a knife aimed at my head. With the energy which the presence of death can alone beget, I knocked his weapon down and grappled with him. He hurled me to the ground as though I had been a child; but before he could follow up his advantage I was upon his feet.

"'Help! Robbers!' I shouted, with all my might.

"The bandit had taken aim at the vetturino of the new team, but he was too late. The driver had seen the danger, and the truth in a moment, and with a sure aim, and a quick one, too, he shot the villain through the head.

"We secured my two drivers and them matters were quickly explained. I told my brother all that had happened, and he then told me that he had heard of my sickness, and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been sick at Bologna, so they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude was, and how fervently we blessed God for that fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to fill me up from the soul I had suffered, and I felt better than I had before felt for weeks.

MISS DORA.—We begin to have our doubts of the truth. From the proud position of "king of locusts" he seems degraded to the level of a mere vagrant. Even the "Locust" sons, Gordon Cummings, Andersonian, and others say he is a humbug, posthumous creature, and is not to be trusted, and with a pond-and bullets. But we are not disposed to be hasty in our judgment. We will wait a little longer, and see what new-fangled stories we can get of him. If we "catch him" we will "make him" tell the truth, or we will "make an ugly mark" on the most hideous-looking one of their family. Besides, "Gerard the Lion killer" is on the track of the "locust" also. He has the true sportsman's pleasure of hunting and becoming acquainted with new localities, customs, and habits of life, and a hearty devotion of fun, and of such prodigious strength that they could kill a full-sized bull at one blow of a pair of sledge hammers of teeth, and then carry his carcass off to their hearth as easily as a cat would her kitten. He also says their prowess is so terrible that a dozen or twenty Bedouins, armed to the teeth, would not dare to attack one of them. We will wait for the time we believe in the "locust" theory, and then we will "make an ugly mark" on the whole degraded family, and "make them" tell the truth, or we will "make them" tell the truth, or we will "make them" tell the truth, or we will